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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The air this week-end is full of rumours—one of which is quite arresting and is based on fact, moreover—about peace this and arrangement that. Nevertheless what, frankly, we should like to see is a peace won by virile means and by the striking power of the linked arms of England and France, with Italy bringing down at the same time her fist. In short, we do not want to see Germany diddled or foxed out, but we want to see her beaten out. We want to see it done by Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle. We infinitely prefer action to eloquence at the present time, and swords to sugar plums.

Any other conclusion to this war will find us to a certainty in deeper water than ever a little later on. Let us beat Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. It can be done if we stand fast at home like the Englishman of old days and dare the submarines, powerful as they are; and if at the same time we cease from stinting Sir Douglas Haig of men and cease the humbug of miserly tribunals which are exempting stay makers and umbrella menders as essential to the comfort of the country. We want to see it fought, not foxed or diddled, out, because the Army has played the heroic part and ought to be given the chance of ending what it has so nobly begun. We want a great military feat, and we believe that all the truly virile sections of the French and the Italian nations are of exactly the same opinion. Those who do not want such a military feat are either weak characters or they are jealous of the Army and its great leader, and want to grab most of the praise by somehow manœuvring the war to a close.

And is there not every reason why we should prefer to leave it, on the whole, to the soldiers—to Haig and Nivelle, and to Cadorno, too, who may be relied on presently all right? For hardly has the first struck home at Arras and Vimy Ridge than the second strikes home in his sphere, seizes the whole of the

north bank of the Aisne, and cheers France with the splendid capture of many thousands of men and a large number of guns. The war on land is going greatly. All the puling criticasters are being reduced to silence. We must wait, and presently must ration ourselves to the point of real suffering: for Sir Douglas Haig and his Army must be given the full opportunity of finishing with the enemy, whether it takes months or whether it takes years. England and France on the West with Haig and Nivelle; Italy in the South with Cadorno; Russia keeping her end up; America seeing after the moneybags and the nosebags—and fight it clean out. That is the policy which, so far as we have observed, appeals to men in this country. The policy of trying to diddle and fox the war to an end appeals to the mice.

"I nostri fratelli del Trentino, di Trieste, dell'Istria, e della Dalmazia attendono ansiosi da noi la loro liberazione dal giogo secolare Austriaco." These words, we have learnt, are on the official circular now addressed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian armies to all his gallant troops. This settles the matter. They claim for Italy what, we have already said, Italy must have. She came into the war long ago when things were looking thoroughly bad for the Allies who were being worsted all round. Right well does Italy deserve Dalmatia and Istria. She must rule in the Adriatic.

At the beginning of the week the "Matin" revealed some of the extraordinary performances of our splendid airmen. The pilot and the observer of a squadron pursued and twice dispersed two companies of Bavarian infantry, each 200 strong. Two aeroplanes of a patrol which had fought twelve successive engagements near Douai lost their way and found themselves in the thick of the enemy's lines. One of them engaged a squadron of hussars, killed several, and dispersed the remainder. The other exterminated with its machine-gun a band of 100 Germans who were

unloading trucks. Both operated as low as 200 feet in the air. But that is nothing for British daring: three aeroplanes actually followed the main street of Lens on a level with the roofs and bombed a retreating regiment of Bavarian infantry. With such feats in view, who can doubt where the superiority in the air lies, so far as the men themselves are concerned—the machines are another matter.

The British with the French last week with aeroplanes bombed the German town of Freiburg—and "observed good results". This step was taken as a "reprisal" for the German torpedoing of the Allies' hospital ships. This announcement particularly concerns the SATURDAY REVIEW because a year or so ago we advised that such action should be taken as reprisal for the bombing of open British towns and the killing of non-combatants by the enemy's Zeppelins. Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. Wilson Noble, among others, strongly supported the demand, and the approval of a statesman of great weight reached us in a private communication. At once arose a clamour from certain rather self-righteous persons and papers, and we were told that the suggestion was ungentlemanly and inhuman, and that British soldiers and sailors would indignantly refuse to do such a thing.

Reprisals are a proper and a scientific policy in war, and the action of the British and French airmen last week—which has fluttered the German hawk-cots—was quite justifiable. It was also justifiable and necessary for us to use gas against the Germans, though we remember being lectured long ago for approving of it. The object of reprisals is to prevent by punishing, and we believe that there is a fair prospect of such prevention in the present instance, though we cannot, of course, be sure till it has been well tested. If Berlin could have been bombed after each Zeppelin raid there would have arisen such a clamour among the German civilians there that Zeppelins would have gone out of favour a long while ago. But the difficulty was on practical grounds—not, as the self-righteous insisted, on ethical grounds. We therefore dropped the subject on learning from the front that all aeroplanes were needed there.

Reprisals on prisoners of war have been suggested. That we have always disliked and disapproved. Such reprisals would completely fail of their effect, and British and French prisoners in Germany would only be treated in such a case worse than they are to-day. Reprisals on German prisoners really would be futile and bad.

The German Casualty List total—which is not the same thing as the German Corpse Exploitation Establishment total—is now officially stated to be 4,202,906 to the close of March. It includes 962,760 dead. We should say that these figures, roughly if not exactly, answer to facts. The estimates which are or were flying about in this country, putting the German casualties at anything up to ten or twelve millions answered rather to fancy than to fact. Four million two hundred thousand out of even the large population of Germany is a big figure; and we have to remember that there are still some large German armies in the field—not perhaps far short of three million, for instance, on the Western Front to-day. The other matter referred to above, namely, the using up by scientific methods of the German dead, is the most horrible thing we have ever read or heard of. Science in this war has harnessed itself to all the most effectual methods of destruction imaginable; but its high explosives and its poison gasses are mild in horror, in revolting beastliness, compared with its D.A.V.G.

The politicians and public men of the United States, though they live in a democratic country, preserve classical tradition in their orations and addresses. They follow the elaborate style of Pericles rather than the commonness of Cleon or the sausage-seller, obviously aimed at the multitude. President Wilson's

personal appeal to his fellow-citizens thus contains no short, sharp shocks, and no galaxy of exclamation marks. But it covers the ground carefully and well, emphasising the essential points which America at war has to look to. One of these is abundant food for those with whom the nation has now made common cause. "We must supply ships by hundreds out of our shipyards to carry to the other side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there"—in fact, "everything with which the people of England, France, Italy, and Russia have usually supplied themselves, but cannot now afford the men, materials, or machinery to make".

Appealing specially to farmers, the President points out that the fate of the war in a large measure rests upon them. He confidently expects middlemen to forgo unusual profits, and suggests "small profits and quick service" as the merchant's ruling motto. Nothing is said, we notice, of sending men across to fight, and, indeed, they are not so much wanted as food and munitions. We—Great and Greater Britain—by the side of glorious France can do the actual fighting part if Russia will keep her end up. Italy we are confident of—she will never go back, and is full of war instinct and virility. What, then, we want from America is money, food, ships for carriage. President Wilson sees this; his appeal, as we said, covers the ground with dignity, and should be effective.

America is already speeding up with patriotic resolutions. On Tuesday the heads of the great meat trust at Chicago placed their entire resources at the disposal of the Government and advocated legislation for the supervision of foodstuffs of all kinds and the fixing of maximum and minimum prices. The beef packers are ready to take a minimum of profit, and their offer has been accepted. The Senate has adopted measures to suppress the export of foodstuffs and other commodities by way of neutrals to Germany and proposes to empower the President to restrict or prohibit the export of any article when this is against the public safety or welfare, the penalties for violating this including a long term of imprisonment. The chiefs of the railways have also agreed to give up all competition during the war and co-ordinate their resources in the national interest. This practical and self-sacrificing spirit is more to the point than the cry of "Business as Usual" which dominated this country in the early days of the war.

America's aid in the war was publicly recognised this week by a special service in St. Paul's, speeches in both Houses of Parliament, and the flying of the Stars and Stripes by the side of our national flag. The resolution expressing "profound appreciation" of the action of the United States in "defending the high cause of freedom and the rights of humanity against the gravest menace by which they have ever been imperilled" was the same in both Houses. Oratory on these honorific occasions is apt to be overstrained, and need not be too closely scrutinised. Lord Curzon, in his survey of our Allies, quoted a popular poem; Mr. Bonar Law revived Canning's epigram about the Old World and the New; and Mr. Asquith was polished as usual. But the last-named, in saying that distinctively American interests, at home or abroad, were not directly imperilled, seems to have forgotten the German submarines. One of them was off the coast of America this week.

Once more—largely owing, no doubt, to the coming of America into the war—we are treated to renewed sentiment and sugar plums about the dawn of the era of universal world-wide peace and the fraternity of all the nations on the earth—white, black, and yellow. It is once more "the war to end war". Nations henceforth are to go to law instead of to war—though why it should be necessary to do even the former when Utopia—or Atlantis—is reached one cannot quite make



out. As this is to be a war to end war, might it not be followed by a law to end law?

There are two food questions so far as this country is concerned. The first relates to the probable, indeed, we may say the inevitable, world food shortage which must be looked for this year owing to labour being so largely employed on and at the war. The second relates to the danger which besets us particularly in the British Isles through the submarine campaign of the enemy. There are some thoughtful and, in agricultural matters, well-informed people in this country who hold that the first is the more perilous to the cause of the Allies than the second, for it may prevent us from thoroughly overcoming the Central Powers, through starving into a too inconclusive peace the fighting world. These people believe that the impression which the enemy is making on our shipping and on the shipping of our Allies and of nervous neutrals is not very alarming. The first question makes them more uneasy.

The first food question is unquestionably a serious matter; for far too many nations are now fighting for food to be grown as plentifully as it ought to be. But we believe the second question is the more serious of the two so far as the British Isles are concerned. It is a peril; and it is much greater and a much nearer peril than the vast majority of people, informed and uninformed, choose to believe. We cannot honestly or usefully disregard the facts that (1) the submarines are working havoc with our mercantile marine, (2) the campaign against these submarines is exceedingly difficult, (3) building ships to take the place of the ships we lose every week is a long and necessarily slow business. As to (3), if we were only building in order to have abundance of ships to fetch and carry at the close of the war, there would be nothing much to be concerned about; but we have to build ships to take the place of those which are sunk by the submarines during the war—a vastly different proposition.

The stories absurdly bandied about from gossip to gossip about our putting down three submarines here and six there and twelve at the other place, and about submarine prisoners being marched off in various directions, are nonsense. One is astonished to hear them related by so many persons of common sense, who ordinarily do not go about catching flies. On the other hand, there are people who profess to know that a new German submarine—always larger than the submarine that went before it—can be turned out almost while "you wait" in Germany; can be floated at Kiel or elsewhere as speedily as an umbrella is repaired. We do not believe in these submarine makers' conjuring tricks. A submarine cannot be made and sent to sea so quickly as it can be submerged. The facts about submarines are grave enough—it is not necessary to go to fiction. This unrestricted campaign is losing Great Britain a great tonnage, and we are not yet able by any means to regain the mastery under the water which was ours when the smaller submarines were at length successfully dealt with. The whole question is a most grave one; much graver than is supposed.

We are glad to notice that the Cake and Pastry Order expected from the Food Controller made its appearance on Wednesday night. It ought to have been issued some time ago. From to-day no crumpets, muffins, tea-cakes, or fancy pastries are allowed, and the sugar and flour to be used in cakes, buns, scones, and biscuits are restricted by special provisions. Next Monday teas will be rationed, and their frequenters will not be able to get more than two ounces in all of bread, cake, bun, scone, and biscuit. This rule does not, however, apply to shops where not more than sixpence is ever charged, including beverages, for a meal without meat, fish, or eggs. We think these exemp-

tions for cheap shops a mistake. Orders should be general and comprehensive. Why should one be able to get meat anywhere on a meatless day?

The whirligig of time brings in its revenges, which is rather nicely illustrated by Lord Devonport making war on tea. There is certainly too much tea drunk to-day, though there is this to be said for afternoon tea and cake—it spoils one's appetite for dinner. And shall we not soon have to begin quelling and dispelling our appetites? It is a curious fact that since the food danger began to threaten many people have felt, even in the pure sense of the adjective, fearfully hungry. Confirmed dyspeptics have longed for roast pork and plum pudding, and regretted that in the palmy old days they did not frequent the "Cheshire Cheese" more regularly. Once they would have groaned at the mention of steak and lark puddings and golden roll; to-day if they groaned at the mention of these dishes it might be for another reason altogether. Celery soup and wafer toast thin as foreign notepaper are not an agreeable prospect when the appetite is growing.

We have a respect for General Smuts and are glad that he has come to this country and been honoured here. He seems to us worthy of that honour. But the other day General Smuts, in a speech, told the English public that though they were perfectly right in this war they were wrong in the South African war. We take leave to differ completely. Though almost every nation in the world—except Italy, if we remember rightly—took sides against Great Britain when that struggle began, Great Britain was absolutely in the right. She was compelled to go to war, and she fought an entirely clean, straight fight. As a straight, outspoken man himself, we are confident that General Smuts will welcome this statement. It would be most unfortunate if he went back to the Cape with the notion that this country now confesses she committed wrong in going to war in 1899. She confesses, we think we can assure him, nothing of the kind.

We have heard this week with sorrow of the death at the front of Edward Thomas, a contributor—and a friend. We do not suppose that between him and the views of the SATURDAY on public affairs there was the smallest similarity. Probably indeed he hated cordially a leading article in this Review. But views on public matters are not everything that matters in the world. There were other interests, in literature and in the open air, in which he could and did agree with and at times work for us. A rare and shy personality is lost in Edward Thomas. He toiled hard and found little profit and no security in literature. He came to learn that it is a terrible and cruel field to till except to a handful of the lucky ones. If a man has a conscience the pursuit of literature is deadly. Literature is the "Belle Dame sans Merci" with a vengeance. It means immense labour and responsibility, no security, living on short commons. Common sense or an instinct of self-preservation, having its choice, would obviously choose instead to be born to cut hair or punch stamps. We fear there were times when Edward Thomas had reflections of this kind. We trust he now roams Elysian fields.

From the twopenny-farthing trash and humbug which is being mouthed about freedom to-day it is a relief to turn to a poet who at least knew and desired somewhat of the real thing, Shelley:

"To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy power which seems omnipotent;  
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
This, like the glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

—Prometheus Unbound.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

MESSRS. McKENNA, RUNCIMAN, CHURCHILL,  
SAMUEL v. THE ARMY.

WHAT has been in this country the most miserly and the most discreditable incident of the war, so far? Shall we seek it in strikes, no-conscription crusades, pro-Germanism, profiteering, pacifism, or what? On the whole, bearing well in consideration the occasion and the tremendous significance of what is going on just across the water, we incline to think that the most miserly and discreditable home incident in the entire war, so far, was the action of a group of partisans in the House of Commons on Tuesday. These men strove to scratch the Government over the puling little controversy about the "Nation", a weekly review of the Liberal Party, especially attached to that section of the Liberal Party which is still sore and smarting because it was turned out of office for remarkable want of grip and decision and virile driving force in war. The "Nation" has published for some time past, as the debate showed, a number of articles to which the War Office took exception as tending to damage the cause of the Allies in foreign countries. These articles, which we cannot profess to have examined closely, appear to have culminated in one printed on 3 March, containing the remark—quoted by the Prime Minister in the debate—"that the event towards which our efforts had been directed had at length come to pass, but it had found our soldiers wanting". The article came to the notice of G.H.Q. in France, which declared to the authorities at home that this kind of comment was discouraging to the soldiers at the Front. The War Office, in consultation and agreement with several other Government departments, thereupon decided to stop copies of the paper going abroad in future. Whereupon four ex-Cabinet Ministers—themselves members of the last Government, which actually suppressed the "Globe" newspaper!—proceed to get up a vendetta which, if it succeeds, can only do so by weakening and discrediting the executive. The four members in question were Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman—who stayed out of the debate, but who, we notice, fed it well beforehand by letters to the paper—Mr. Churchill and Mr. Samuel. All were in the last Government, and all had to be left out of the present one for various reasons. They chattered trifles about freedom of the Press, complained idiotically that the "Times" and "Daily Mail" had also been quoted in Germany and yet were not penalised, and tried generally to damage the Government, stir up ill blood and party feeling and waste the time of the Prime Minister—just now, too, when they must surely have been aware that there is at least one incident abroad of profound European importance to attend to. They posed as Miltons and were ready with their Areopagiticæ, but their arguments were about the most trivial and contemptible we have ever had from Cabinet Ministers and leaders of opposition. "The thin eagerness of the partisan" was indeed exhibited in a shameless form.

Ordinarily, such an incident would not be worth more than a line or two in an abbreviated parliamentary report, and we should all yawn over it as part of the old, stale, weary, partisan game. But consider what is going on at the present time in France. Whilst Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman were scribbling off their letters of sympathy to the "Nation" because it was inconvenienced for saying that the British Army had been found wanting, whilst Mr. Churchill and Mr. Samuel were holding forth in the House, and fit to bang the box in defence, Sir, of the rights of a free Press, British soldiers were fighting and dying just across the water for these heroic orators. There is no exaggeration or cheap sentiment in this: it is a fact that British soldiers were fighting and dying whilst Messrs. McKenna and Runciman scribbled and whilst Messrs. Samuel and Churchill spouted; and it is a fact that British soldiers were, and are, fighting and dying in order to save the people at home—the country is in peril, and the people of the country, who

include Messrs. McKenna, Runciman, Churchill, and Samuel, are in peril.

Bearing in mind, then, the cause of this squalid dispute and the occasion at which it was sprung on Parliament and the country, and fed by four leading Cabinet Ministers in the last Government, we do not hesitate to describe the whole incident as disgraceful. Unfortunately, when the news of this thing reaches France and is generally spread there, it will be gravely misunderstood by a very large number of the soldiers at the Front. Probably, indeed, only a minority will ever read of, or hear about it, but that minority may run into some tens of thousands. Now what is the attitude of the soldiers, officers and men alike, at the Front when news of an incident of this kind filters out to them? We are sorry to say that they are in the mood to attribute the sins of the minorities to the people at home generally. They have not time, nor the inclination, to sift the matter thoroughly, and to discover, for instance, that Messrs. McKenna, Samuel, and the others merely stand for a sour group; they come—quite naturally in the conditions—to the conclusion, "So this is the way the people at home are behaving—half of them declaring that we, the British Army, have failed again, and the other half up in arms over their precious freedom of speech and of the Press". And they will, quite naturally again, proceed to the reflection, "A nice, grateful lot, to be sure, we are going into the trenches and getting our legs and heads blown off for". This is, unfortunately, no very fanciful representation of the feeling and reflection of many men at the Front, living in deadly peril and incessant hardship. It is based on bedrock fact. We have heard remarks quite as bitter as these made at the Front, and when questioned have been unable to convince our friends that the ingratitude, the utter selfishness, the paltry partisanship, and the grudging praise or ungrudging blame at home, proceed only from a small minority. "Then why do we hear so much about them?" is the reply—"why, when we open a paper from home, do we so often find in it a half sneer at our slow progress, at the 'mere tactics' of the Somme last year; or why do we find an account of an uproar in Parliament over a General daring to be interviewed; or why do we always find paragraphs announcing that the tribunals are exempting from military service all grocers' assistants and corset-makers up to the age of twenty-eight as indispensable to the comfort of the home population? Why is it necessary to pile military service act on military service act in order to squeeze out of you at home the barest minimum of men needed to fill the gaps in the ranks out here? and why is it that, according to everybody's admission, National Civilian Service has so far completely failed?"

Such extremely awkward questions—some of them admitting of only a shuffling excuse for a reply—are on a good many lips in France to-day. Let there be no doubt whatever about this. They are, moreover, in a still larger number of hearts. Everybody who knows the Front is perfectly well aware of this. Messrs. McKenna, Runciman, Churchill and Samuel have taken a step which, we believe, will cause more anger in France to-day, both at the Front and at the Base there, than anything since the scandalous disparagement of the British leadership and soldiery in the Somme battle last year. Messrs. McKenna, Runciman, Churchill, and Samuel, who are up in arms because their party backers are not permitted, without temporary inconvenience, to say that the British Army has been found wanting!

The reason why we give a whole article to this subject is because the incident is one of a long series which are gradually tending to draw a sharp line between the population at the Front and the population at home. Mischief is being caused by such incidents which will not soon pass away, but will sow suspicion and discord that will last beyond the war. Moreover, the soldiers, men as well as officers, are discouraged and begin to wonder whether there is such



thing as real gratitude at home. The Prime Minister, we gratefully acknowledge, gave the mischief makers a punch or two in the wind; but we cannot help wishing that he had let them have it, instead, between the eyes.

## AUSTRIA AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

SEPARATE peace rumours are in the air, very much in the air—and also on the carpet!—but the latest political paradox of the war is the Austrian move to secure a separate peace with Russia. This particular separate peace move is not official, but it is worth considering for various reasons. George III.'s Queen thought there was little real importance in the French war till she heard that a Hapsburg was going to marry Napoleon, and now we see the proudest dynasty in Europe suffering Socialist delegates to meet in Stockholm the successful revolutionaries of Petrograd. It is almost more humiliating than abdication, but it is worth while, for the possibilities and advantages of an understanding with Russia are very great. On our side of Europe we should be very foolish if we shut our eyes to this danger. We are not belittling Russia when we point out how tempting must be the prospect of a cessation of arms. In the heyday of enthusiasm war is an ugly accident and distraction, and the visionary hope of promoting universal peace is fascinating to the Socialist leaders, who have already seen the miracle of their Petrograd triumph, and may be persuaded into the belief that they can achieve still grander results by an international agreement of all the belligerent "peoples". We may be sure that the most attractive arguments will be used. It will be said that the great cause of democracy will best be served in Germany, the last stronghold of reaction, if peace comes from the conquerors of autocracy; that if new Russia ends the sufferings of every nation in Europe she will win favour and gratitude among all the peoples; and that the Central Empires desire no annexations. This is the kind of idealist programme which will certainly find some supporters among the Russian Socialists, though we greatly hope it will not deceive the majority. If the Union of Workers allows itself to be led away there will be a rude awakening for it. Even a separate Russian peace would not lead France and Italy and England to give up the war, nor would it slacken the zeal of America. Moreover, the Union, if it adopted this policy, would find that the unanimity of the Russian people would be broken up. A separate peace would so disgust large sections in Russia that the inevitable reaction against revolutionary sentiment would be powerfully reinforced.

But the main danger to the common cause in these Stockholm negotiations is not that Russia will actually conclude a separate peace, but that the Union of Workers will be so entangled that the internal conflict between it and the Provisional Government will be intensified. We doubt if Berlin and Vienna hope for more than that; but they do hope to secure, if not a Russian peace, at least a Russian paralysis. Clearly the danger in Petrograd is that there are two authorities: the Union claims to be the equal of the Provisional Government, and so long as that rival sovereignty exists we cannot hope that Russia will really contribute her full share to the military effort of the Allies. From the formal declaration signed by Prince Lvoff, that Russia desires no annexations, we gather that there is in Petrograd a considerable body of pacifist feeling which the Provisional Government feels it is wise to placate. It remains a little vague and uncertain as to whether new Russia has finally abandoned Constantinople. If so, it may be a temporary renunciation. Economic necessities are independent of political forms, and a warm water port is as essential to a republic as to an autocracy. The Provisional Government has also formally announced that Poland must be

reintegrated, and this policy has been officially adopted by the Allies. On this Russia will come face to face with realities during the Stockholm negotiations. Herr Scheidemann, on behalf of Germany, may be willing to promise that Austrian Galicia shall be restored, but the most altruistic of Prussian Socialists will not abandon Posen or Danzig.

Important as these Stockholm negotiations are from a military point of view, even more interesting is the permanent effect of the Russian change on Austrian policy and on the future position of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in Europe. Whatever form of government the Russian people may ultimately adopt, it is clear that the disappearance of the Tsardom must change the whole European scheme. The Romanoffs since Peter the Great have shown an "oscillating intelligence", as Lord Hugh Cecil would say, in their domestic government, but they have been consistent and determined in their policy of expansion. They have always held themselves out as protectors of the Slavs and the Greek Christians throughout Europe, and have thus, with their great armies under the order of a single will, been factors of the utmost importance to the Hapsburgs, with their millions of Slav subjects and their constant anxieties about the Balkans. Austria has regularly had to choose between the friendship of Russia or Germany, and the complete subservience to Germany which has marked the last few years has been forced upon her by the Russian danger. Whenever her Slav or Czech subjects showed symptoms of revolt against their undoubted grievances there was always the chance that the Tsar would protect them, and always the need to look to the ally in shining armour at Berlin. We believe that one of the possible results of the great change in Russian government is that Austria may emancipate herself from German tutelage, and may thus preserve something of her ancient position in Europe. We do not put this forward as more than a possibility, because so many of the factors in the problem are at present unknown; but in these days, when the whole future of Europe is in the melting-pot, it is a possibility that should be weighed and considered.

We are well aware that many Allied publicists regard the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as essential to the thorough defeat of Germany, and that belief in this has even been proposed as a test of Allied orthodoxy. There are other more dogmatic theorists who would regard the survival of a single Emperor as an insult to the rights of man. They are insane at the mention of an Emperor, though they profess to believe in Empires! But the object of the Alliance is the security of Europe and civilisation, and not the universal and compulsory enforcement of a single political form. Nations must choose their own political systems, and if they prefer monarchical government it is no part of our duty to fight on until they have one and all adopted democratic republics. Our bounden duty to mankind will be accomplished when the German armies have been defeated, and Sir Douglas Haig is a truer knight of the "league of honour" than the most eloquent of political theorists. He is also an incomparably abler, better man. He is the leading figure of the Allied cause to-day, though nasty, petty, acquisitive civilian jealousy is for belittling him. We must rid our minds of the delusion that all the problems of Europe can be solved by a few formulæ from the text-books. As Canning said, we cannot make a new world "of one entire and perfect chrysolite". When we are considering the future of a nation like Austria-Hungary we must remember that its roots are deep in the historic past of Europe, and that it cannot be cut up as if its growth had been merely hasty and fortuitous. So long as the Hapsburgs are the subservient agents of the German nation all the Allies are their resolute enemies; but if they should retrace their steps and abandon a policy which may be only an unhappy incident in their long history, is it a fixed and inevitable part of Allied policy to insist that their Empire must be dismembered? Is

such dismemberment most likely to secure freedom and the best chances of civilisation for her "subject nationalities" and the prospect of peace for Europe at large? Some sacrifices of territory Austria must make in any case, as it is clear that her Italian subjects must return to the nation which has definitely won her place as a Great Power; but as regards the other races, the problem is one that requires serious discussion and thought. We are not suggesting that the Allies should in any way weaken their declared intention to secure freedom for the Czechs and Slavs: the only question is as to the manner in which this indispensable benefit can be obtained and made perpetual.

Let our democrats remember, in the first place, that Austria—not Hungary—has enjoyed since 1906 the boon of universal manhood suffrage, and that the people obtained that boon through the personal influence of the Emperor. It is true that the suffrage has not altogether fulfilled expectations, but that kind of disappointment is not unusual in the case of political reforms. But, supposing the dismemberment policy carried out, would the racial difficulties be solved by the creation of new independent States? Take Bohemia as an example. The German minority there is powerful, and is bitterly hated by the Czech majority. No more vivid "hate" exists in any part of Europe. There would be constant conflicts, and the constant danger that the German Empire would interfere to "protect" the minority. Is all Galicia to go to the kingdom of Poland? If so, the Ruthenes of Eastern Galicia will be deeply aggrieved, as they have had many quarrels with the Poles, and the proposal that they should go to Russia is more difficult now that the Provisional Government has declared against all annexations. The proposed South Slav State would have dangerous differences of religion and language to overcome. A glance at any racial map is enough to show that however the Austrian Empire is divided there must be isolated patches of subject races in each of the proposed new States, and each of these minorities would be centres of disaffection and would be able to appeal to powerful neighbours. Moreover, from a European standpoint this parcelling out of the Austrian Empire would create a new group of problems akin to that which has troubled Europe for so long in the Balkans. The League of the World's Peace would enjoy no easy existence.

We agree that the policy which regards the Germans and Magyars as the superior races of the Austrian Empire, entitled to treat the Slavs as inferior beings, has led to much cruelty, and is intolerable from a human point of view. The spirit which led Beust to say to the Hungarian Minister with whom he arranged the system of dualism, "Gardez vos hordes, et nous garderons les nôtres", must be exorcised; but we fear that spirit might be spread by the setting up of small States, mutually hostile, and each with a minority open to oppression. The best solution appears to be the honest carrying out of Austro-Slav federalism, which has been attempted at times, but has never had a genuine trial because Austria always saw the Russian Tsar behind her Slav subjects, and Hungary could always appeal to Berlin if the Slav cause rose to the ascendant in Vienna. It is the policy which the Germans always fought. A federal Austria would afford autonomy to the chief racial divisions and protection to the subject minorities, while a great State in which the Slav races must be influential would be an invaluable counterpoise to the German Empire, and would be far less likely to disturb the future peace of Europe than a congeries of small nations. After all, it was Palacky, the creator of the new Czech national spirit, who first said, "If Austria had not existed it would have been necessary to invent her".

## WORKING UP THE REVOLUTION.

BY AN ONLOOKER.

THE correspondents who have been protesting in the SATURDAY REVIEW against the crude catch-phrases and thoughtless cries about democracy and autocracy ably discuss different aspects of the question. But there is a far graver menace behind all this glorification of revolution than seems to be yet recognised. The notion that the change contemplated is merely a change in the theory of government is extremely shortsighted. Is it to be supposed that the whole working-class world—when once fiercely whipped up by the leaders on both sides, and in arms for liberty and democracy, bent on pulling down all the autocracies, ruling and privileged classes, militarists, kings and emperors—will stop at that? "What good would that alone be to us?" they will ask. Canon Maclean can hardly suppose seriously that the triumph of pure Liberal principles is likely to be the sole issue. Little need he be concerned lest Liberalism should triumph! There is not the least probability of the revolution now being worked up in Great Britain and in the United States, etc., ending in Liberalism.

On the contrary, there is every likelihood that, if the gorse is once fairly set alight—and our party leaders on both sides, with the diplomatists and the representatives of British and American capital, are running in, tumbling over one another with firebrands—Liberalism, far from triumphing, will, with Conservatism, completely end.

Four-fifths of the population of this country and something like four-fifths of the population of the civilised world, I imagine, is composed of poor people, working people. Now, when the average poor man, working man, who has inherited neither money nor property of any kind, and who is therefore all his life a fettered man, learns from Mr. Page, the Ambassador of the United States, and from our party leaders on both sides that the American and the British aim—for their aims are described by the Prime Minister as identical, the Anglo-Saxon aim—is that every person on the earth shall be absolutely free and shall enjoy equal opportunities in life, what will this poor working man naturally conclude?

He will look around him, see everywhere inequality in wealth, inequality in labour, inequality in opportunity; and he will conclude that the first thing to do is to get life a bit level between the "have-nots" and the "haves". That will be his notion of how to reach real freedom and democracy.

The SATURDAY REVIEW in a note last week spoke of the millionaires who thrive in America under America's system of democracy, so-called. (Millionaires and democracy—what extraordinary bedfellows!) Can there be any real freedom for the poor, starving, unsuccessful man in this world, any equal opportunity in life? he will ask himself incredulously, so long as millionaires and multi-millionaires are piling up such vast wealth and power?

He will conclude that, for the sake of real democracy, real freedom—not the sham freedom which party leaders, diplomatists, and capitalists to-day have at



the back of their minds—he must be rid of these Croesuses and of the whole system under which they flourish; for great money is great power, and great power in individuals denies freedom.

I am not saying that he will be arguing deeply or well in this conclusion—I simply say that this is sure to be his line. It is, in fact, in a dulled, incoherent way, his line already in numberless instances; presently it will become, instead, a fierce and coherent line. Where he only growls in undertones he will, when fully worked up by the oratory of Luncheon Clubs and the flag-wavings of leaders with a rousing cry, roar loudly and make ready to spring. He will have down those millionaires in America, every man jack of them; but it will not stop at millionaires.

He will have his eye not only on the land, on the property generally, in this country, he will have his eye upon the money, too, on the "stuff"; and I imagine that this is a good bit beyond the Liberal principles which Canon Maclean fears to see triumph.

He will have his saying knife deep into the vitals of the system which permits of "the second generation" in human society. Then how will it fare with the inheriting sons and daughters of our party leaders and orators? How will it fare with mercantilism? How will it fare with the City?

He will argue: "How can there be any real democracy, any real freedom in the world—and democracy and freedom, always perfect freedom, is what the leaders and orators all tell me to come out for—whilst I am born to toil and poverty all my days, whereas the son of the man who employs me is born to a large income or, at least, to a comfortable competency?"

And the world-freedom revolution once fairly worked up and started, he will conclude: "We must sweep away all these inequalities and injustices. We must start really free men and democrats with equal opportunities—not the democracy and freedom which humbugging millionaires and party leaders would fob off on us."

Again, I do not say he will be arguing soundly; on the contrary, I think he may be arguing incorrectly. All I say is that this is what he *will* argue; and once he has got the bit well between his teeth, why Mr. Page and the American millionaires and our own eloquent Liberal and Conservative party leaders and orators will find it harder than they suppose to stop him. Where will the freedom-loving millionaires of the United States, where will "the second generation" in our own country, where will all who are privileged, largely or even moderately, in regard to money or any other property in this country and in the United States then find themselves?

Are they sure they will not discover themselves where the emperors and autocrats of Russia already are, and where the emperors and autocrats of Germany and Austria are going to be? Many of them will be lucky if they only lose their money but keep their lives.

Are they confident that when Russia, Germany, and Austria are all freed the four-fifths contingent in America and in this country—who are being roused

to-day by our leaders and orators with battle-cries of perfect world-freedom and democracy—will not in their turn rise up and proclaim: "It is our day now, give us up your stuff, away with your cursed privileges; so long as this inequality exists between you and me there can be no real freedom."

If our eloquent leaders and orators, with their programme of freedom and democracy and long live the Russian Revolution, think that they will be able to put away such awkward demands with the minimum wage of twenty-five bob a week they think wrongly. Twenty-five bob a week will not satisfy the world-revolution which is now being worked up, nor fifty bob a week. Twenty-five or fifty bob a week may be Liberal principles, but it is not equal opportunities for every man in the world; why it is not even the conscription of wealth which will be a *sine qua non* in the world revolution being worked up.

I quite see that it is necessary, if we are to make sure of conquering the overweening Central Powers something should be done to keep in the masses of Russia and to bring in the masses of America. Our leaders and orators may justly claim that they must have a rousing cry of some kind. The logical and intellectual arguments for beating down the tyranny and threat of Germany, strong as these are for the few, will not serve for the million. All are not Regius Professors of Modern History, Arthur Balfours, or Edward Greys. We have to cater for "the grey world of labour". Our reasoned arguments for the quelling of Germany at whatever cost of blood and treasure would be largely pedantry to the working classes. Still we had better have a clear idea when we call for a revolution, and when we exalt to the skies democracy and perfect freedom and equal opportunities for all men, where we are leading to. There is little sign that our persuasive orators and leaders have any such idea to-day. If they are merely leading to the adoption of Liberal principles, as Canon Maclean humorously suggests, it is not such a very novel or startling thing—then indeed nascetur ridiculus mus!

But really, in calling for this social revolution, we are leading, not so much to the nineteenth century Whiggery which offends the divine rights of kings as to a vast upheaval that may be bloody and which will be "Thorough"; a revolution that will open up an abyss into which will disappear the privileges of wealth and birth, the class distinctions, and all that mass of immemorial law and tradition which to-day make, here, in the United States, and other civilised countries, inequalities between man and man.

"Perfect freedom, equal opportunity for all men!" declare the orators and leaders. Very well, then, wealth has to be conscripted, classes amalgamated, physical labour shared and shared alike by cook's son and duke's son; and behold the reign, not of Liberal principles, but of Hébert and of Anacharsis Klotz.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 142) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

## THE GREAT AIR OFFENSIVE.

THE uneasiness in respect to our heavy air casualties early in April, which has been reflected by persistent questions in the House of Commons, has since been to a great extent set at rest by the tale of achievements which it is now known that those casualties represent, and by the unqualified rejection by Sir Douglas Haig of the exaggerated reports from German sources. It is not, however, suggested that the matter should be allowed to rest here; we know by long experience that the administration of our air services in respect to the provision of the most up-to-date machines, regardless of official routine in the matter of completing contracts for machines which are already obsolescent, requires to be carefully watched by unofficial experts and critics who are not hampered by any considerations of red tape; these critics can indeed do immense service by strengthening the hands of the more progressive officials to whose lot it falls in a greater or less measure to deal with one of the most difficult and complex problems which the wit of man has ever been called upon to solve. The great offensive commenced on the Western Front on Thursday, 5 April, and is summarised in the despatch of Sir Douglas Haig as follows:—

"During the days and nights of Thursday and Friday our aeroplanes have been very active, continuously harassing the enemy's communications a long way in rear and seeking out his fighting machines at a considerable distance behind his lines.

"Large tracts of enemy's country many miles in rear were photographed, over 1,700 photographs being taken behind the enemy's lines. Co-operation with artillery continued during daylight, unhindered except by weather, although repeated efforts were made by the enemy to prevent this important work.

"Seventeen successful bomb raids were carried out on enemy aerodromes, ammunition depots, and railways a long distance behind the lines, in addition to numerous small raids. A total of over eight tons of bombs was dropped.

"All the time intense fighting between large formations took place. Our casualties are twenty-eight machines missing, a large number of which are known to have been shot down in combat over the enemy's country. It is known that the enemy suffered very heavy casualties. In one case an observer was seen to fall out of his machine, which went down out of control in a spin, and in another the fighting was so close that the enemy pilot was seen to fall forward, his machine nose-diving out of control.

"Fifteen hostile machines were driven down and actually seen to crash, while thirty-one others were driven down damaged. A very large proportion of these must have been totally destroyed. In addition two hostile balloons were brought down in flames."

Simultaneously with this aerial offensive on the Western Front between Lens and St. Quentin attacks were carried out by seaplanes of the Royal Naval Air Service against the Zeebrugge Mole and many bombs were dropped. Attacks were also made in co-operation with the Royal Flying Corps on ammunition dumps, on Ghent and Bruges. All machines returned in safety.

At the same time a French air squadron made seven sorties and dropped half a ton of explosives on the German establishments at Danvillers, Spincourt, the Forest of Maugienne, and the Bilt Wood.

In addition to the work already recorded on Thursday and Friday, in which 1,700 photographs were taken and seventeen raids carried out on aerodromes, munition depots and railways, similar work was continued on Saturday, when three hangars were destroyed in one aerodrome, and possibly a fourth, and a kite balloon—the third in three days—was brought down; trains were attacked by machine guns,

railway stations and transport trains bombed, and a battery of artillery in action placed hors de combat.

It was evident to thoughtful observers that this tremendous combination of determined offensive action and aerial reconnaissance must be the prelude to greater events, and it proved indeed to be the overture to the greatest battle which has been fought in the history of our successful offensive against the Germans in this or any other theatre of war. At 5.30 a.m. on Monday, 9 April, the battle of Arras began in dead earnest on a front of twelve miles from Lens to Arras, preceded by the most tremendous bombardment that has ever been witnessed in the history of the world. Precisely at the appointed hour our infantry streamed "over the top" and at the same time flight after flight of our aeroplanes went in regular order over the heads of our gallant men on foot to take part in the great battle which was destined to throw out of gear all the vaunted German schemes of a retirement "according to plan". Early in the afternoon the redoubtable Vimy Ridge, which for more than two years had successfully resisted all attacks, was in our hands, and by nightfall the number of prisoners counted amounted to over 9,000 together with forty guns.

Meanwhile the pressure of our troops to the south and south-east of Arras continued uninterrupted, and in the direction of Cambrai the great wood of Havincourt was closely invested on three sides, while the village of Demicourt was captured. Progress was also effected in the direction of St. Quentin, where the villages of Pointu and Le Vergeur were taken. Aerial activity was continuous, several bombing raids were carried out, and close co-operation with the artillery was maintained.

In one respect the functions of the Royal Flying Corps on the Lens-Arras front differed from those on the Cambrai-St. Quentin front. In the former case the battle was the greatest trench warfare battle which has ever been seen; both sides had been a long time in their positions; all strong points, gun emplacements, and trenches had been accurately located on the maps and registered to a nicety by the guns, the whole force of the artillery had been methodically disposed with a view to each nature of gun being able to fulfil its appointed task with the maximum effect, observation posts had been selected and constantly used, and telephonic communications had been perfected to the finest point conceivable.

On the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, however, the conditions were widely different. Here we were following up a retreating enemy, brought to bay by our persistent pressure, but nevertheless on the move. Continuous aerial reconnaissance of the most dangerous and arduous character was the only means by which we could keep in touch with the enemy with good effect. The disposition of such heavy artillery as could be brought up necessarily depended on the reports of our airmen; landmarks were largely obliterated, and the correction of maps for the use of our gunners must have been a task with which it was almost impossible to keep pace. Under these circumstances the artillery must have had to depend greatly on aerial observation, and many tasks which in purely trench warfare could be carried out with little aid from the Air Service must have devolved on our bomb-carrying aeroplanes. The tremendous aerial combats of entire squadrons endeavouring to assert superiority in the air and make the work of reconnaissance and raiding feasible would offer material for an epic which will doubtless be written by an abler pen than mine when some of those heroes of the air who took part in this Homeric struggle may have leisure and inclination to commit to paper their impressions of the great experiences which they have undergone.



## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

## AT THE FRONT.—X. THE GERMAN RETREAT.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

THIS war has been full of painful surprises, and the latest, though not painful, is quite as startling as its predecessors. Briefly, the Boche has gone over the hills and far away, and where he really is no one knows, or at least no one says. It is not for me to go into the tactics and strategy of the affair. There has been a deal of extreme comment in the newspapers and in billets out here. There is one school which confidently predicts peace in July, saying that the enemy is short of men and shells, and that he is falling back for his last desperate stand. The other school tears its hair and gnashes its teeth, pulls a long face over its whisky and soda, and enlarges on the well-worn themes of "always too late" and "the Boche has fooled us again". "Why aren't we pressing him with horse, foot, and guns, causing him heavy casualties, rolling up his retreating line?" And much more to the same effect. Both seem fairly absurd. If the Germans are as short of men as some would have us believe they would have submitted long ago. Contrariwise, if they are only "luring us on", it would seem futile to fall into their snare by rushing after them headlong before we know the extent of their concentration and its main lines. It is a painfully common mistake to think that the C-in-C. knows less about strategy than the average or even the superior person. Meanwhile it is true that the enemy has evacuated country which it would have taken months to reclaim by force of arms. The tide of war is flowing distinctly nearer to his country, and he has abandoned some, at least, of the assets of occupied territory with which he might have bargained had we entered into peace negotiations last January. He is not seeking open fighting, but is retiring to a new entrenched line, where his position is prepared and ours is still to make. In other words, his former line was more than he could hold, and he has been compelled to shorten it in order to have a sufficient striking force elsewhere. He is by no means defeated yet, but his retreat from the Somme is as much a confession of weakness as was our retreat from Gallipoli. The other details do not affect this fact. The German is a practical beast, and it would be folly to expect him to retreat to any but a well-prepared line in rear, or to refrain from devastating the country as he goes. These have been the tactics of the defensive since war began, and all talk of "atrocities" and the "German rout" is really waste of effort.

Meanwhile our Army is giving up the habits of the last two years—in fact, of a lifetime, for most men start a new life when they come out on active service. Instead of the steady routine of front line, supports, and reserves, the daily fatigues, the improvement of trenches, the regular bombardment, we have reached, if not open fighting, at least open country. Patrols have gone forward expecting to be fired on at any moment and have found nothing but empty trenches and a few subtle traps. Farther on they have met snipers and a few machine guns. But for men who attacked the original front line last year, the ease with which this "peaceful penetration" has been carried out is staggering. There has been no question of a violent attack. To "keep in touch" merely has been the object, and if the enemy expected us to become seriously involved on a battle-ground chosen by himself he was mistaken. We shall doubtless follow him up; in due time we shall attack him; but we shall not allow ourselves to be rushed into a premature attack. One does not fling an army of millions about the countryside as if it were a troop of cavalry.

Naturally, the infantry and the cavalry have been the advance guard, and have had the largest share of surprises. But units in rear have had surprises of their own, and one in particular is still rubbing its eyes and pinching itself to see if it is awake or whether it is all "a beautiful dream". A few weeks ago we were

burrowing like rabbits. Stretched over several miles of country, the sections worked away at dug-outs, machine-gun emplacements, battery positions. Section commanders grew daily greyer over supplies of timber and progress of work. Subalterns asked each other anxiously whether the two ends of their various tunnels would meet accurately in the middle. Headquarters juggled with problems of rations that did not arrive, lorries that mysteriously broke down and retired into the workshops for an indefinite period, horses that would eat their rations but would not pull an ounce. Shell fire was common, gas was hourly expected, and by day and night there was the crack of the eighteen-pounder and the heavy boom of the howitzer. Then the change began. Enemy shell fire died down, rumours began to spread. What clinched it was a message from the corps: there was some work in the front line which, in view of the rumours, seemed hardly worth continuing. We applied for leave to stop it; the laconic answer came back: "No need to patrol the front line now; there is none." That same evening a battery that harassed our nerves daily disappeared. It was one of our own, and was situated just so that the line of the hill carried the sound of its firing sharply to us. It used to make the windows flap (said windows not being made of glass), and has caused more than one officer to spill his tea. So we let it go without a pang, and proceeded furtively to loot canvas and galvanised iron from its dug-outs. Clearly things were looking up. Next day came orders to occupy new billets and be ready, the whole company, for work on a certain road.

Now this was serious. We had made those billets ourselves. We had had, if not ample supplies, at least far more in the way of timber and material than any other unit in the corps (and rightly, for we made good use of it), and those dug-outs were extremely comfortable, there is no denying it. After all, it is poor policy to house your men badly if you want hard work from them; no man works the better for having slept in a cramped position on a damp chalk floor. So we made bunks, and constructed billets which looked very like the early Christian catacombs: tiers and tiers of corpses piled one above the other, only these corpses snored abominably. Added to all this was the advantage of permanent occupation. When you expect to live in a place for more than two days you keep it clean and make improvements not as a matter of discipline but for your own comfort. In such matters the pleasure of the individual is a more compelling motive than is the desire to obey Army orders; the latter is an acquired taste, the former natural. In short, except for the mud outside, and certain other things which need not be specified inside, we were very comfortable and should not have minded if the Boche had hung on to his Somme positions for several months longer. But there is a maxim in the Army, only lately invented, but becoming distressingly and increasingly prevalent, "When in search of good billets, evict a tunnelling company". It is only too true, and some house-hunting superior authority knew it. So evicted we were, and regretfully we moved to some dug-outs nearer our new work. The artillery had owned them once, but they looked as if first the Boche had mistaken them for Louvain and then Miss Carry Nation had thought they were a large beer-saloon. Nothing daunted, however, we turned to, and at the time of writing these abandoned places are again assuming that "home from home" look which the tunneller likes to have about him.

Road-making is not an active pursuit in comparison with dug-out building. For one thing, it is done in the daytime, and the much-abhorred night shift is become a thing of the past. For another, you can see all your men at once by standing on the hillside near by instead of having to crawl along a muddy trench and plunge down a series of narrow holes to find them. All ranks therefore have an easier time. The rank and file are sure of their regular sleep, and the officer is sure of an occasional day off. This being so, explora-

tion of the new country was clearly indicated. There was, and is, no knowing when we should have to move to new billets, and a knowledge of the nicest villages and the most eligible situations is a useful support in a discussion with a staff officer as to where he is going to put us.

So one day we started. The way ran first through old country, rolling down, scarred with shell holes and broken up by trenches and barbed wire. Two or three ridges and valleys brought us to the lately vacated billets. With a sigh for past comforts we pushed on, turned the corner, and entered on a stretch of country that a week ago one avoided entirely by day and only traversed furtively by night. There was the chalk hill-side, curved, with the remains of a wood covering it, that is typical of the Somme country. Away in front lay what used to be Bouchavesne. It is still recognisable as a village, and already the roads were receiving attention. But the wreckage is none the less appalling if judged by any but war standards—houses, farms, machinery, all jumbled into a welter of bricks and iron and mud. In the centre a jagged white column marks the site of the church, and as you walk through it there is a rare pleasure in being above ground and looking down on the black, sticky ditches through which access to the trenches could once alone be had.

The line used to run about a thousand yards beyond the village. The curve of the ground has here formed a long concave slope, very shallow, at one end of which is a ridge, at the other a village. By some oversight last summer the Boche was allowed to keep this ridge, and his front and support line ran along the top of it. Our line ran parallel to it, from one to two hundred yards away. But—and this was the important point—it was appreciably lower. Literally he could almost see into our trenches, while the whole of the ground from our line to the village was as open to him as the palm of his hand. Observation, impossible to us, must have been child's play to him, and that we should have been allowed to hold this part of the line at all is a proof, first, that his efficiency in trench warfare is often over-rated, and, further, that the doggedness of our men in clinging to desperate positions is beyond all praise.

In a depressing country this piece is depressing above the average. Elsewhere the monotony is relieved at least by the curves of the hills. Here there is nothing but a vast brown slope, unbroken by copse or hill. No trees, not even a bank standing up steeply. One expects very little in trench scenery, but the least exacting soldier would have found fault with this place: it recalled nothing so much as the Tommy's unprintable description of the plains of Mesopotamia, and the most skilful scout, if he were suddenly dumped there by night, would be hard put to it to find his way out. Such were our reflections as we trudged through the overland mud track that had replaced the communication trench and looked on dug-outs that we had only worked on or seen at dead of night.

And then came a marvellous experience. We were about level with our front line, and as we walked we suddenly got above the sky line. It was like a transformation scene: the first sight of the Promised Land was nothing to it. After being oppressed by that square mile of dead brown earth we came on a valley with crisp, engaging outlines, the near side, which had had its due allowance of shells, almost hidden from us by the steepness of the slope, and on the far side, marvel of marvels, real woods and real green fields. The ground we stood on was the scene of our attack early in March. We pushed the enemy off the ridge, penetrated to his third line, and then consolidated ourselves in his second line, from which we had successfully repelled several counter-attacks. The ground gave terrible witness to the efficacy of our artillery. And this devastation reached some way down the hill, for our barrage caught the enemy as he was massing for the attack, and some time before he got near our new trenches. But the eye hardly rested on this; it was at once carried on, across the valley, on to the

untouched ground beyond. No one was to be seen; not a gun was to be heard, for the infantry were already over the next ridge and were, in any case, not meeting with serious resistance, while the guns were also pushing forward and finding no target worth a shell. Even Moislains, which lies at the bottom of the valley by the canal, looked almost alive. The distance certainly helped the illusion. Not a house in Moislains has a tile left on it, and the various tracks and roads round it seem to have been made unhealthy by our gunners, but all this was invisible from a mile away, and one got something of the feeling that is best enjoyed from the windows of the leave train to London from Southampton. England, according to our Colonial brothers, is a cramped country, but it grows the finest green fields in the world, and in this country, so like our own, yet so emphatically not ours, the sight of green fields, after months of mud and desolation, was a most moving experience. It may sound trivial, but it brought us nearer home.

R. H.

#### SANDHILLS BY THE SEA.

THE cliffs end suddenly in a headland which runs back at right angles to the sea. A village lies in the shelter of the hill; on the edge of the beach a few white houses face the sea, others straggle by ones and twos along the road which, turning away from the sea, runs inland towards the cultivated fields and farms.

The cliffs have held up the land mile after mile, and with unbroken front have faced the seas. Now their long line is ended; beyond there is nothing but sand. As far as you can see there is only sand, with not a single rock to break the unvarying surface. Far away are misty hills beyond the unseen estuary of an unknown river. The shore of the sea is sand; no rocks, no rock pools. Behind the shore are sandhills, an unending procession of sandhills. Behind the sandhills marshes and marshy pastures, and behind these low wooded hills rising steeply from the level of the marsh. A white road runs between the marshes and the hills, and at either end bends inland towards the distant railway.

Below high-water mark the firm sand, resilient to the tread and pleasant to the foot, stretches for many miles towards the distant river meandering slowly through its several channels to the sea.

The sandhills form an even barrier to the waves, for ever reinforced and strengthened by the loose sand shifting before the wind. At their feet, half buried in the sand, lie sparse patches of sea plants, sea holly, saltwort, and sea-blite. Above, the marram grass clothes the ridges and slopes of the sandhills, and with its long roots binds the shifting sands together. In summer its green-grey leaves rustle softly in the warmer airs; in winter, scourged by gales and battered by the salt spray, it yields and bows, but ever rises triumphant to the fiercest storm.

Facing the sea little beside the marram survives; only the sea-spurge with stiff stems and close-pressed blue-grey leaves and umbels of strange horned flowers. Out of sight of the sea moss grows among the grass, and, aided by the damp the mossy covering secures, a few close-growing plants maintain a scanty life—crane's-bill, geranium, centaury, and, with them, a yellow pansy akin to that which is the glory of the mountain pastures in the north.

Hollows and valleys wander in and out among the hills. There are spaces of sand bare of any herb and damp bottoms covered with vegetation. At times, in these sandhills and in others by the sea, we have come on strange flat levels like to the dried-up beds of ancient lakes, in summer nearly dry, in winter mimic ponds and pools a few inches or even a few feet deep in water. These are the home of the rarer plants. In one may be found that rare sage scordium growing in the wet ruts left on the soft soil by passing carts.



With it grows a water-mint, an unusual form, which, with leaves pressed close to the ground, is ever pushing forward to win new territory from the sand. In another, amid a coarser growth of rush and sedge, a low willow creeps along the ground, and in the shelter and companionship of its interlacing roots grows the lovely marsh helleborine. "Not rare" the books call it, but I have not often found it growing elsewhere in such unnumbered hundreds. With it also live tall plants of the marsh and of the spotted orchis. All grow in the shelter of a great rush which grows in isolated bushes with tall stiff spikes of grey leaves, each tipped with a point exceedingly acute. The unwary herbalist who seeks his treasures beneath those formidable spikes has often to learn with what excessive sharpness they are armed.

Yet this is a pleasant place wherein to wander on a summer day. Still rarer things, it is said, once grew here, now long extinct. But I know well that many a plant lamented as long lost or said with scornful note to have been "one of —'s supposed discoveries", may any day be refound by him who searches in faith and love under the favouring eye of fair Persephone.

A learned man has told what forms sand takes under the influence of wind and weather; another book might well be written to tell the story of the unending warfare which is carried on by the sand and the plants, the one against the other. On the one side are the barer hills fresh born from the sea, on the other the ground won generations ago from the sand and long covered by vegetation; betwixt the two is the debatable land where the sand and the plants fight ever for mastery.

With their young growths the plants invade the territory of the sand. For a time the advance succeeds; further and further in long lines they move across the virgin sand by creeping rhizomes and by subterranean stoles or by seedlings thrown forward in front of the parent plants. Then suddenly comes a storm. The sand seizes its opportunity. Helped by its ally, the wind, it drives across the plain, or, aided by the rain, rushes down the hills and overwhelms the advancing plants. The tender growths buried deep are lost beyond redemption, or need all the energies of their young life to uplift themselves from the shroud in which they lie entombed. For the time the sand is victor; but ever the fight goes on.

In Asian deserts the sand has been forced to uncover things hidden for countless centuries, and even in Britain sandhills sometimes disclose the secrets of a long forgotten age. A storm tears down the steep face of an ancient hill and throws its contents broadcast across the sand. The cleansing rain leaves strange treasures open to the view. The ground is strewn with shards; fragments of pots of ancient days; rude work of earlier man; cultured craft of Saxon times; pottery glazed and incised with patterns, lines, and curves; fragments of Samian ware; bones of older beasts; horns of stag; fibula of bronze; shells of cockles; bits of charcoal—evidence of human use and life over a thousand years and more.

Sandhills by the sea! What happy days the words recall in Dorset or in Devon, in South Wales or in North. Here, in its last home in Britain, we found that rare rush, *holoschoenus*, with its strange brown heads of seed; in that we chanced on a damp hollow where unnumbered seedlings of the royal fern grew in happy company together; in another I remember the blue fleabane and a fine-leaved rue; and on a northern coast that strange fern moonwort on the damp sand almost within reach of the sea spray.

On a summer's day to lie on the warm sand, to look on the blue sea and a blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds, while the wavelets fall with a gentle murmur on the wet sand and the marram sings a happy song. Or, on a drear October day to linger by the edge of the retreating waves and watch the rare shells and the weed torn from unknown depths of sea—all the strange flotsam of an autumn storm—a grey haze

hangs over the sea, the air is cold, the wind whistles through the withering stems, and the marram sings a melancholy tune.

But, whatever be their mood, in sunshine and in storm, I love the sandhills by the sea.

There are sandhills far distant from the waves, sandy commons we have loved, in Surrey and elsewhere, and their praises might be sung; but I would give them all for my sandhills by the sea.

E. G. B.

#### SIMONNE.

SIMONNE, dear child,  
You hold my heart in fee.  
Brief vision of an April hour  
Far sweeter than the jacinth flower  
You gathered in the woods of Pas,  
And held for me to see.  
What magic minstrelsy  
Wrought the fair music of your lovely face,  
O nursling of the Spring?  
After a winter of dead hope  
You came to me,  
With the budding trees and skies of blue,  
And the heart o' me danced at the sight of you.  
Epitome  
Of old remembered joys,  
And prophecy  
Of all the sweetness yet to be! . . .  
And now we go our ways,  
You to the fields and flowers and singing birds,  
I to the weary fastnesses of war.  
But, ah! dear angel of my risen hope,  
I go possessed  
Of your imparted bliss  
And the lingering kiss  
Of your smiling face.

P., B.E.F.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

##### THE NATION'S HEIRLOOMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Bodley Head,

Vigo Street, London, W.1,

18 April 1917.

SIR,—I have read with profound interest the warning and suggestive article on this subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 14 April. However, I have a feeling of less alarm since the United States have joined the Allies, as necessarily now much of the accumulated wealth of America will go into the melting-pot for munitions, ships, loans, and, it is to be hoped, gifts to the Allies. There are so many great ideals to be developed in consequence of America taking a hand in world politics in this crucial hour, such, for instance, as the federation of the English-speaking peoples. This is now inevitable. It has long been said that blood is thicker than water, but my contention is that language is more powerful than blood. Nevertheless, it is to the ruthlessness of Germany that we owe the realisation of this dream. Only such ruthlessness could have performed this miracle of uniting the great English-speaking races.

But when peace comes I feel sure that the only belligerent country that will have accumulated art treasures—and not alone by looting—will be Germany, for it has come to my knowledge that many valuable works of art have gone into Germany through neutral States up to a very recent date. I have this information on excellent authority. It is all the more imperative that immediate action be taken to safeguard such treasures as still remain in this country, whether in the possession of private individuals or in public buildings. Among the more important precautions that should be taken are the ascertaining of the whereabouts and the cataloguing and photographing of the various objects.

Of all public men, none are better qualified than

Lord Curzon, Lord Harcourt, Lord Crawford, and Lord D'Abernon for introducing legislation; but even such men would be powerless without the assistance of a committee of experts, such as Mr. C. J. Holmes, the Director of the National Gallery; Mr. Collins Baker, the Secretary of the National Gallery; Mr. J. D. Milner, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery; Sir Claude Phillips; Mr. Witt, of the National Art Collections Fund; and the editors of the "Burlington Magazine" and "The Connoisseur".

Of greater importance still is Mr. A. J. Finberg, the founder of the Walpole Society, which is doing such good work in unearthing works of art by forgotten British artists. Much of the fine work of these neglected men, at present unrepresented in our public galleries, can now be picked up for a few pounds; whilst it is safe to predict that within ten years the same work will cost from five to ten times the sum now asked by dealers. Apart from this work, however, Mr. Finberg's position as Art Adviser to the Board of Inland Revenue, under Section 20 of the Finance Act of 1896 as extended by Section 63 of the Finance Act for 1910, places him in a sphere unique for discovering the masterpieces of painting and sculpture. The Acts named enable Mr. Finberg to exempt from duty all work of either artistic or historical interest—a fact known to very few otherwise well-informed family solicitors. Before Mr. Finberg received his appointment the position was occupied successively by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Hawes Turner, and Mr. Robert Ross; but it is to be regretted that the Acts did not empower these experts to order photographs to be made by legatees of inherited art treasures which came under their appraisal. By such means an invaluable record would now be available. Such photographs would be of priceless value to the nation, and these records should be open to the inspection of the public. Pictures other than portraits should be deposited in the National Gallery, classical antiques in the British Museum, metals, tapestry, etc., in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and portraits in the National Portrait Gallery. The custody and arrangement of portraits in this country is of the most chaotic and bewildering description. It is now quite impossible to locate with certainty where any portrait can be found of a British subject, however distinguished, or even to ascertain if one exists. An engraved portrait is in the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert Museum *quâ* print and not *quâ* portrait. I maintain that a copy of every engraved British portrait should be found in the National Portrait Gallery if its name is to have any significance, and, further, that all engraved portraits now in the British or Victoria and Albert Museums should be transferred to the National Portrait Gallery if required. There should also be compiled a list of portraits in the various picture galleries, halls of city companies, corporations, universities, colleges, clubs, public schools, municipal buildings, etc., throughout the country.

It is only pictures and statuary which may be exempted from duty on the recommendation of Mr. Finberg. For tapestry, furniture, silver, and other metal-work various experts are appointed. Now the legatees alone benefit by these Acts, inasmuch as the owner becomes aware, probably for the first time, that he possesses treasures of great value which he, in many cases, alas! disposes of at once to the U.S.A., Germany, or some other country, without having paid any duty or tax. In other words, the Act creates a value for such objects and facilitates the loss, perhaps for ever, of our treasures, the State having forfeited its claim to any control or compensation in the shape of dutiable tax.

If new legislation on the lines suggested by you is not proposed, surely the above-mentioned Acts should be amended so as to embody some of the suggestions made by the article, and possibly the contents of this letter.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LANE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The excellent article on "The Nation's Heirlooms", published in your issue of the 14th inst., seems to me most opportune and timely, if the treasures passionately and patiently collected by the former generations in this country are not to be dispersed, with the excuse of the war, by not always very scrupulous or patriotic bodies or individuals.

England, owing to the exceptional wealth and taste for art of her cultivated upper and middle classes during the last two centuries, is one of the richest and finest depositories of art treasures in the world.

If the actual war, even under the ominous spell of the various materialistic *cracies* and *latries* (authorocracy, statolatry, bureaucracy, plutocracy, and, let me add, the so-much-talked-of pseudodemocracy), will not have been waged in vain for what is intrinsically and permanently lofty and pure in our Western civilisation, a protective law will be soon passed in this country, similar to our Italian *Editto Pacca*, supported by a very timely agreement between England, France, and Italy, in order to prevent the emigration of our national treasures, patrimony of the single and of all, from the three European countries which have struggled and prospered, under the light of Greek and Roman civilisation, for a supreme and constant ideal of beauty and of moral perfection.

Yours truly,

ANTONIO CIPPICO.

#### WHAT IS REAL FREEDOM?

19 April 1917.

SIR,—As regards freedom, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in his speech in the House of Lords yesterday, described the United States as the freest nation on earth. That may or may not be, but candour should compel us to admit that there never has been, never will, never can be, anything approaching perfect or true freedom, effective freedom, among nations so long as there are millionaires and multi-millionaires, indeed, so long as there is a marked inequality of resources and possessions as between individual and individual; for if I am born or become of the millionaire kind, it is obvious that I hold in my hand the livelihood, *i.e.*, the freedom, of very many men. In reality, I am then as much a bar to the true freedom of various individuals who depend on me as the old English fourteenth century Statute of Labourers. Nay, more, I am a Statute of Labourers myself!

This truth is dimly recognised by masses of poor people, as it is, throughout the world.

The struggling, essentially unfree, ones have a vague idea of it in the United States, in this country, in France, in Germany; whilst they are suddenly discovering it in a threatening way in Russia—for the revolution there is largely a revolution of the poor, though we may pretend otherwise, a social and economic revolution. But these struggling ones—composing the majority, after all, of mankind, will be far more alive to it at the close of this war than they ever have been before; and every reference which is now made to freedom and liberty will be carefully hoarded up and brought to bear presently against what I may roughly describe as the millionaire or even the 'housandaire system which is the corner stone of the whole social fabric to-day. Even if the whole German nation were wiped "tone and tint" out of existence, and every member of the Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern families reduced to nothingness by the process which turns German soldiers into high explosive fuel and pig food, the freedom for which we are all crying out to-day, from Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lord Crewe, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Bonar Law, down to the humblest Socialist, would still be wanting so long as there lives any considerable inequality of position, privilege, and resource in the non-Germanic nations. I cannot see any use in trying to disguise this fact, or in pretending that liberty means some great blessed vague thing which flourishes enormously under, let us say, the Rockefellers, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the



Carnegies, for the masses themselves are awaking to it. By disguises and pretences, indeed, we shall only make them more suspicious and more resolute.

ENGLISH—WITH IRISH AND AMERICAN BLOOD.

#### WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. James' Mansion,  
54, Piccadilly, W.1.

SIR,—Canon Macleane's letter does one good. Tonic of that kind is needed by a people whom politicians and the Press have dosed with oceans of flabby sentiment. Those who care for humanity and civilisation have not the words always on their lips. One would suppose that England were the last thing we were fighting for. Patriotism, apparently, or, at any rate, love of country, is a weakness: only world-love will do.

Most people find it quite enough to look after their own business; and so will most countries if they are wise. Happily, Press and Parliament are not the country, which is perfectly aware that "free institutions" are a mere accident so far as the war goes. Had Germany been a "glorious democracy", the war would have come just the same. They would still have been Germans.

Yours, etc.,  
HAROLD HODGE.

#### OUR SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Society for Upholding Political Honour,  
56, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

16 April 1917.

SIR,—The very able letter of Mr. A. Lovell in your issue of 7 April on "Political Misrepresentation" affords opportunity for an examination of the fundamental defects of our political system, which the Society for Upholding Political Honour endeavours to expose.

For many years past the Mother of Parliaments has set a shocking example to her progeny.

Ministers (now that it is safe to do so) vie with each other in their denunciations of Russian autocracy and the tyranny of its secret police service, and in their adulations of a free democracy.

They would do better to look at home. In place of an autocratic Czar we have an equally autocratic Cabinet, while the Russian Secret Police Service has its counterpart in our secret party funds.

Our party system has long since reduced the House of Commons to an assembly of voting automata.

It is seldom that any member of the House can assimilate every ingredient of the pudding which the party cook provides for his consumption, yet he must either swallow currants, plums, and suet alike or be ejected from the Parliamentary banquet. He thus necessarily becomes an habitual economiser of the truth; by the time he arrives at Cabinet rank he is such an adept in the art of "terminological inexactitude" (as one of its leading exponents has styled it) that he can frame with ease a reply to any question which will "keep the promise to the ear but break it in the hope".

Just as the modern Hun after destroying peace has degraded war by breaking the rules formerly observed by all chivalrous nations, so has the modern politician, by forsaking the unwritten rules of political controversy, lowered his own status and damaged the machinery of government which he controls.

The closure which formerly served as a useful shield to ward off the poisoned arrows of obstruction launched by Parnell and his followers has now become a great engine of oppression, by means of which the Cabinet firmly rivets its chains round the necks of members.

Since those days we have seen the dreadful spectacle

of a House of Commons which levied on the ratepayers without their consent a tax of a quarter of a million a year for the benefit of its own members. Could the most autocratic ruler have done more? Yet this monstrous invasion of the fundamental principle "No taxation without representation" passed with hardly a protest from the nation, presumably because it was perpetrated in the sacred name of democracy!

To the amazement of the nation the House of Commons in the midst of a great war has lately devoted hours of precious time to the discussion of Woman's Suffrage, Plural Voting, Proportional Representation, Registration, and other matters dear to the heart of the politician, which touch but the fringe of the shirt of Nessus, which poisons our so-called representative system of government.

When electors are free once again to elect their own representatives, and are no longer restricted in their choice to one or other of two candidates selected for them by the party caucuses;

When members of Parliament are free to vote on measures as their conscience prompts, and not as the party Whip bids them;

When honours are awarded only for services rendered to the State instead of to the party;

Above all, when the secrecy which surrounds the origin, amount, and disposal of party funds, and which is the foundation on which the whole corrupt system rests, is torn aside it will be time for the House to devote itself to the consideration of these lesser spots on our Parliamentary sun.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. FOWLER, Hon. Sec.,

The Society for Upholding Political Honour.

#### OUR PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,  
17 April.

SIR,—The shocking account published in the "Times" and "Daily Mail" lately of the barbarous treatment of our unfortunate prisoners who are in the hands of the Huns, including the murder on their way to captivity of 380 out of a body of 400, as gleefully boasted of in a letter to his father by a Lieut. Jacobi, the nephew of a General of that name who accompanied the Kaiser, when Prince Wilhelm, to England some years ago, ought to open the eyes of those mistaken people who out of their pro-German feelings have subscribed no less than £31,000 to a fund for supplying German prisoners in this country with comforts. These are uniformly well treated, well lodged, clothed and fed, while ours are treated by the Huns with savage ferocity, insulted, kicked, beaten, and murdered. They are also half starved, and would be wholly starved were it not for the parcels of food sent to them from home. The part of a good Samaritan is no doubt a laudable one, but to subscribe money for the benefit of our deadly enemies who do not need it appears to be a gross perversion of the philanthropic instinct.

Your obedient servant,  
ALFRED E. TURNER.

#### SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26, St. Paul's Road,  
Clifton, Bristol.

SIR,—The interesting letter in which Mr. Stephen Coleridge shows that science is no substitute for soul recalls the saying of O. W. Holmes, the American poet, who was also a member of the medical profession: "When I weigh a kind heart against a great intellect, I feel I am balancing a wedge of gold against a feather".

Poetry, which, he truly says, has its root in feeling—i.e., sentiment—Mr. Coleridge considers the highest manifestation of human power, and many would endorse Shelley's opinion that poets are "the unacknowledged legislators of

the world". Aristotle held poetry to be a higher form of truth than prose, and in many a line of the great poets there is concentrated more soul-quickenings, soul-illuminating vitality of moral truth than in volumes of dissertation by minds functioning at a lower level. "The prophets and apostles, priests and missionaries, are, or should be, artists and poets", says the mystic Blake. Such were the seers and prophets of the Bible, of whose magically inspired and inspiring poetry M. Renan rightly says: "They set forth their faith in language the most dazzling ever heard by mortal ears".

Maeterlinck tells us that the principles upon which the communal life of the bees is based are purely utilitarian; altruistic sentiment plays no part in their social system. But while love—i.e., altruistic sentiment—is the basis of life and progress in the human species, unconditioned by the other superior sentiments interacting with intellect such love degenerates into mere weakness. As that eminent psycho-physiologist, Mr. George Combe, points out, even the higher sentiments must act conformably to the intellect to be approved of; and excess of veneration, of benevolence, or of scrupulosity is always regarded as weakness, just as excess of any lower propensity is viewed as vice. The same writer, however, shows that intellect, of however high an order, is no substitute for the higher sentiments, by citing Lord Bacon—"the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"—as a conspicuous example of deficient conscientiousness—the sentiment of justice. He says: "Lord Bacon affords a striking example how poor an endowment intellect—even the most transcendent—is when not accompanied by upright sentiments. There was here the most evident defect of judgment; and with such reflecting powers as he possessed, the source of his errors could lie only in the sentiments, deficiency in some of which prevented him from feeling rightly, and of course withheld from his understanding the data from which sound conclusions could be drawn. To judge the line of conduct proper to be followed in the affairs of life, it is necessary to feel correctly as well as to reason deeply; or, rather, it is more necessary to feel rightly than to reflect". (G. Combe, "Modes of Action of Intellectual Faculties".)

Swedenborg mentions certain learned spirits with whom he conversed, who could make no progress at all, because they could never think of any subject that it is so, but only *whether it be so*, one of whom said a hundred years would not suffice to settle the question whether religion has any real existence. How like vivisectioners, who are always announcing and contradicting, through failure to make any definite elucidations by their experiments! Dr. Smiles tells us that "in the Northern universities the schools in which the ancient classics are studied are appropriately styled 'the Humanity Classes'".

Love, then—altruistic sentiment—is the essential and intrinsic soul of life, which gives to all other qualities the meaning of moral purpose, without which they are mere mechanical, unprogressive processes. As Ella Wilcox says:

"The mind has a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one;  
Yet the light of the whole life dies  
When love is done".

Yours truly,  
MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—One would think enough futile verbiage was being expended at the moment, but, taking things and people as they are, one cannot but be surprised that the Hon. Stephen Coleridge should stop where he does. Certainly, as he reminds us, "sympathy existed before science". I would add, no less incontestably, that "fingers were made before forks", "dirt existed before sanitation, violence before law, nakedness before clothes, and savagery before civilisation". If the world is to go backwards, one line of retreat is about as sensible as another.

Otherwise one might reflect that "sympathy", a purely

relative term (for what value attaches to ignorant or bigoted sympathy?), has no meaning, per se, much less any antithesis to "science", which means something very definite—the struggle after knowledge and truth.

Doubtless without the raw material of "emotion" there would be no human conduct; but of what use is the most altruistic feeling unregulated by thought or reason?

Yours, etc.,  
G. H. P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood,  
Woodham, Woking.

SIR,—I do not know who the "vociferous advocates of science" may be to whom Mr. Stephen Coleridge refers in his letter under the above heading, but patient students, giving their quiet and laborious lives to the study of Nature's laws in the interests of the human race, must be surprised and perhaps pained to learn from him that they are but "worshippers" in a "murky temple"! His "sentiment" evidently does not include any sympathy with those engaged in such unpoetical drudgery.

Nevertheless one may believe that even the spirit of poetry owes a debt to those very workers, for without them we should have been ignorant of a world of delicate and microscopic beauties and of the harmonious working of the universe and of the laws which govern it which have inspired so many of our greatest writers. That study of "foresight sure, fixed will and stern decree" have led to the "sentiment" of adoration of the Divine Mind immanent in Nature; indirectly, therefore, science may be said to "elevate conduct", though it may not be within its scope to "illumine charity" (a virtue which even the "sentimentalists" sometimes lack!).

No doubt these deluded "worshippers" might have left us in the happy ignorance of our savage forefathers; but one has yet to learn that sentiment of any beneficent kind ruled the world in the dark ages of ignorance.

But, sir, although "wisdom" may be "the offspring of love", surely knowledge may be love's counsellor and friend, and in this wide and spacious universe may there not be room for science to stand side by side with sentiment, and can she not claim to say, in the words of William Law: "Thus, you see, Academicus, that I am so far from being, as you said, in a way by myself, that I am with every man in every way whose heart stands right towards God"?

I remain, yours faithfully,  
BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

#### REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As reprisals in sport are unthinkable, so the very idea of reprisals is foreign to the British nature, because the sporting feeling permeates every institution of our country. The actual sinking of a hospital ship, however, brings the matter immediately before us. The suggestion of carrying German prisoners of high rank on our hospital ships appears to have two serious failings, the first being the fact that it would not be effective and therefore useless as the very essence of a reprisal is effectiveness, and the second is almost as serious, as it would at once justify the enemy (for the first time) in treating the ship as a transport.

The failure as a reprisal would be due to the fact that the loss of a few prisoners, even assuming that we possess those of high rank, would not in any case cause the German military chiefs much uneasiness, and the presence of an armed guard for the prisoners on the ship would, of course, give the enemy the justification to sink the ship as a transport.

The possibility that the commander of the submarine might remove the German prisoners to his own vessel does not appear to have been considered, but it would appear to me to be quite feasible.



The only form of reprisal which appears to the writer to be likely to be effective would be an official note, through the usual neutral channels, to the effect that the Allies would hold certain named individuals personally responsible for the sinking of hospital ships, that these persons will be personally punished, and no terms of peace would be considered or agreed to until the Allies are in actual possession of these persons.

The persons named would, of course, be those individuals who are either responsible for the order to sink hospital ships or those who can now prevent its recurrence.

Yours faithfully,

INVALIDED OFFICER.

#### MORTGAGEES AND LANDOWNERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,

15 April 1917.

SIR,—The point made by "A Landowner malgré lui" is a sound one, and, indeed, the principle that if income is limited by law, outgo must be limited also, is already recognised in the Rent and Mortgage Interest Act, which applies to small tenements during the period of the war and for six months afterwards.

If anything is to be done we must do it ourselves; it is no use trusting to the leaders of the disorganised and demoralised rump which calls itself the Conservative party, and if your correspondent cares to write to me I shall be glad to tell him what steps it is proposed to take.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. RYDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Landowner malgré lui", in your issue of the 14th inst., has evidently not taken the trouble to read the Act to which he refers—viz., 5 and 6 Geo. V., cap. 97, or he would have found that it restricts both the raising of rent and the rate of mortgage interest above the "standard rent or the standard rate of interest", which, shortly defined, is the rent or rate of interest payable on 3 August 1914. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the Act only applies to the rent of houses the standard rent or rateable value of which does not exceed, within the Metropolitan Police District, £35 per annum, in Scotland £30, elsewhere £26. As regards mortgages, the Act applies to every mortgage where the mortgaged property consists of or comprises one or more such dwelling houses or any interest therein, save and except where the mortgage comprises one or more such dwelling houses and other land, if the rateable value of the dwelling houses is less than one-tenth of the rateable value of the whole of the land comprised in the mortgage; neither does the Act apply where such a mortgage takes the form of an equitable charge by deposit of title-deeds or otherwise.

Yours obediently,

LEX.

#### EDITORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your notice last week of an American editor leads me to make some remarks on the subject. Editors are a poor and mediocre lot. I have always thought so, and venture to say so now. When America came into the war, I thought it right to read something American of a superior sort, and borrowed an Emerson from a friend. I opened the book at a place where Emerson says that men of trust and consideration, including bookmakers and editors, are "usually of a low and ordinary intellectuality, with a sort of mercantile activity and working talent. Indifferent hacks and mediocrities tower, by pushing their forces to a lucrative point, or by working power, over multitudes of superior men".

As for authors and bookmen, they are usually so vain that they fall an easy prey to the man of business; indeed,

they are so ignorant of business that they have to employ special agents to do the arrangements for bringing out their books. They are mostly hopeless. But editors, chosen, I presume, partly for business habits, are on a different plane; less vain, because they have seen so much of authorial vanity, and better able to look after themselves. But they don't look after themselves; they don't combine in a trades union, which would make ill-treatment of any of their number difficult. In the law courts from time to time I have noticed cases which show how vague their position often is. Combined and strong, they should insist that every editor who really looks after a paper should publicly get the credit of doing so, preferably on the front page or in some prominent position. They should establish legal rights, not customs challengeable at law, for editors and sub-editors. And since they have, I presume, something more than mercantile talent, they should insist on the proper treatment of the taste and knowledge which your reviewer indicates to be the main part of an editor's mental make-up. Do they do this? Are they paid properly? I presume that Mr. Gilder would not have taken a barn for a house if he had been able to pay for a comfortable dwelling. Did he not deserve this as editor of an important magazine like the "Century"?

Say that there was a new disease which it was all-important to meet by research, and that a special journal was devoted to it. It is certain that the editor of it would be less well paid than, say, the editor of the rat-catchers' journal. Let us be idealists by all means, as the cry is to-day; let us recognise that work needing special talents is more valuable than popular work which is always better paid. The public cannot be expected to realise this, for it knows nothing about it. But editors know it very well. If they were more than mercantile, they would attend to something more than getting a scoop for their own sheets. They would join with ex-editors, who are in a position to take a fair and unbiassed view of a conflict they have left, to get proper recognition for all of their order who are worth considering. There would not be separate coteries of the daily press, the weekly press, the magazines and the learned publications. All would be a solid force together. Editors don't do these things; they are a poor lot. I say this with only the average means of noticing it. I am neither an editor nor a writer, and I should not have ventured to write unless I had noticed Emerson. Some of his stuff is queer enough, but this time he has got there. At least, I think so.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN ROBINSON.

#### WILLIAM II. AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When was the speech hereafter referred to delivered by the German Emperor?

"Such a speech will again be thought by the poorer classes to range the Emperor on their side. The effort of Socialism—of German Socialism most of all—is to take from those who have and give it to those who have not. That is, in effect, what the poor will understand their present ruler to mean. . . . The Emperor has simply roused hopes which he will find it impossible to gratify, and stirred passions which he will vainly strive to allay except by methods akin to those of the Devil. . . . He certainly does not mean to do anything of the kind".

The reference is not to a late speech, but to one delivered before 1890. We know what the Emperor did, or, rather, did not do, after his former speech. May we not assume that his last speech equally marks the suggestio falsi and suppressio veri? At the same time, we must not forget that his present alliance with the Devil is far closer than it was before 1890. (Cf. "London Letters", by G. W. Smelley. Macmillan and Co.)

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

## REVIEWS.

## A VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

"A Diversity of Creatures." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. 6s.

THIS collection of short stories and poems is designed on the plan of a variety entertainment where the turns are so diversified that there is something to suit every taste. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a versatile and Protean artist, but his lightning changes are sometimes a little disconcerting. Within the covers of this book he reveals himself in a variety of rôles. We see him as poet, prophet, jester, juggler and acrobat. Now he is beating the big drum and frantically waving the red, white and blue flag; now, with schoolboy boisterousness (he has never quite grown up!) he is engaged upon a not quite unmalicious practical joke or a bit of knockabout business; anon he is curdling our blood with one of those eerie, creepy-down-the-spine tales in which he excels, and now he is moving us to pity and to tears.

When all the world would have a matter hid,  
Since Truth is seldom friend to any crowd,  
Men write in fable, as old Æsop did,  
Jesting at that which none will name aloud.  
And this they needs must do, or it will fall:  
Unless they please they are not heard at all.

There is his secret. He aims to please, but only that he may gain an audience who will hear from him the Truth as he sees it. Beyond the joke and the jest, the juggling and contortions lies a grim purpose, an earnest patriotic seriousness. Most of the stories in this volume were written before the war. One of them, "The Edge of the Evening", first published in 1913, tells the story of two German aviators who got into trouble for taking a bird's-eye telephoto survey of England for military purposes, and reveals that sense of intelligent anticipation of events for which Mr. Kipling undoubtedly has a genius. Only two of the stories actually deal with the war, and in them the author is at his best. They have restraint and dignity. There are no tricks or fireworks, but they are written with immense power and sincerity. In striking contrast to these are the two "comic" stories, "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" and "The Horse Marines", which are as bad as anything that Mr. Kipling has done in the way of whipped-up humour. "The Dog Hervey" and "In the Same Boat" are two powerful studies of morbidity which, in spite of their happy endings, leave a bad taste in the mouth. They deal with the obsessions of a drunkard who is haunted by the spectre of a squinting dog and with an epileptic young man and woman who meet in a railway train and compare symptoms. "In the Presence" is in the old Kipling manner and deals with the India the author loves and knows so well. Finest of all the stories is "Friendly Brook", a little gem which once again reveals Mr. Kipling as the greatest writer of short stories we possess. It is quite perfect.

Mr. Kipling's poetry is as uneven as his prose. He can write doggerel and he can write verse of exquisite feeling and sensitiveness.

"When Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the Weald,  
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower River-field,  
He called to him Hobdenius—a Briton of the Clay—  
Saying: What about that River-piece for layin' in to hay?"

is in one mood of flatness, but the same pen that wrote that also wrote the poem entitled "The Children", with its poignant expression of the sorrow of loss and desolation.

"That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanliness was given  
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the Maker of Heaven—  
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it tolled on the wires—

To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes—to be cindered by fires—

To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation

From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.

*But who shall return us our children?"*

## THE COMPLETE RUHLEBEN.

"The Ruhleben Prison Camp: a Record of Nineteen Months' Internment." By Israel Cohen. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

WE have already had some fragmentary but arresting views of Ruhleben. Mr. Cohen's book is different from these. The triumph of his skill is not to select such parts as may produce the effect of the whole, to bring out strongly characteristic features, and to throw the light and shade in such a manner as to lighten the effect. An accomplished journalist, he has none of the higher gifts of writing which stir and thrill the heart. Rather he has written a sober and comprehensive history which will survive as a permanent document of the war when the brilliant sketchers are, perhaps, forgotten. His publishers have brought out, we believe, a series including "The Complete Motorist", "The Complete Cricketer", etc. This is "The Complete Ruhleben", a history which deals with every side of that curious institution except the personal, shows no passion and little resentment, but proceeds steadily, in a style free alike from slang and pedantry, to chronicle the rise and development of a society remarkable not only in its special circumstances, but also in the varied talent it included. Mr. Cohen, as a Jew, was in a measure separated from his fellows in Barrack VI., "a miniature Jewish diaspora", but he lived the full life of the camp, indeed played a prominent part in it, and was clearly what the average Philistine would regard as a "good sport", since one of his three experiences of a German prison was due to circumventing the Censor of Letters. Ruhleben had its Sherlock Holmes, or several of them; it secured the *Times* by means unknown to the German officials. But any boasting on the subject, or any extravagant use of English, was always dangerous. A man who called out "Sherlock Holmes" after an officer who had come from Berlin to inquire into the escape of two prisoners had five weeks in prison as a reward for his humour. The successful escape of Messrs. Pyke and Falk in the summer of 1915 will be familiar to many readers. What is not so generally known is the cruel penalty for failure in such attempts: "The severest sentence was that imposed upon those who escaped from the camp and who were caught before they could reach the frontier; they have to remain in the 'Stadvogtei' in solitary confinement until the end of the war. At the time of writing, so far as my knowledge goes, there are five men who are undergoing this inhuman punishment for yielding to what was only a human impulse. They at least know that they are doomed to remain in their cells till the end of the war. But those whose offences are admittedly of a lighter character are not told at the time of their imprisonment the length of their sentence, and do not know it until the moment of their liberation—a method which is a specific characteristic of Prussian Kultur."

The social organisation of the camp began with the choice of Captains, who were unsatisfactory because they were not elected by the interned. The subsequent development of all kinds of education and sport—in March 1915 the racecourse was opened to the prisoners, for the use of which the British Government paid £120 a year—may give a false idea of the comparative comfort of the place. It improved vastly in course of time on the insanitary horrors and deficiencies of early days. But Ruhleben, with its ironical suggestion of a quiet life, did, and does, incalculable harm to many a man. Inadequate doctoring, nerve strain, increased by the incessant spy mania, poor food, over-



crowding—all these things leave their mark even when they do not produce at the time recognisable maladies. What the sad record of madness is no one in England knows. It was long before Mr. Cohen's increasing illness secured his departure, and he writes enough to show the deteriorating influences of the prison in spite of the wonderful gaiety and resource shown by those inhabiting it. The collection of specialists of all sorts gathered there makes extraordinary reading. It includes the late managing director of the German branch of the Eclair Film Company, who doubtless looked after the Cinema Palace which arose in 1915, a man who had laid out golf courses for German magnates, a whole corps of learned lecturers, the director of the Newcastle Conservatory of Music, and sufficient dramatic talent to cultivate serious plays as well as a topical revue and a pantomime. The female parts were evidently in most competent hands, and Mr. G. L. Crosland not only made a touching Desdemona, but also made for Barrack X 129 and 202 in one cricket match. The concerts were the admiration of the supervising Baron, who was always accompanied by a cigar and often by a wife. The latter was presented with a dainty silver cup at the Camp Sports in 1915. The German authorities seem to have varied between a casual affability and excessive sternness. The Baron was notoriously ignorant of English, and there was a big row over the use of the common sanguinary adjective of our lower orders. He was enlightened and soothed, we learn, "by Professor F. Sefton Delmer, the English lecturer at the Berlin University, who gave him a private discourse on 'by'r Lady', with quotations from Elizabethan writers". That was well, but we remark that the Professor had not apparently in the course of his studies made a proper acquaintance with the "New English Dictionary".

"The Englishmen have humour", that was the comment of the military authorities when they saw the various jokes about the "Pond Stores", which were quite marooned by water when a special visit took place. There was certainly cause for discreet laughter in some of the misunderstandings due to the difference between the English and the German mind. Rühleben has by this time developed, we expect, a large amount of those English brevities of speech which need explaining to the outsider. "Come off that blue grass" used to be the American way of expressing doubt about a tall story. In Rühleben stories and rumours of the sort were called "cows". No one could guess why, but Mr. Cohen tells us that the "cow" is an abbreviation of the quaint jingle:

"There was a cow climbed up a tree,  
O you blooming liar!"

which was sung to a distinctive melody whenever anybody related an obviously far-fetched story.

The illustrations are well chosen and serve to complete a remarkably full book, so thick with detail that it is somewhat difficult to read. The index is useful, but not complete. Those who have read Mr. Cohen's account carefully will have a thorough grasp of the trials and alleviations of Rühleben and a strong sense of British pluck and resource in difficulties. The camp must include some remarkable personalities. Some day perhaps their work and character will be recorded as an addition to Mr. Cohen's sober and lasting history.

#### "IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE."

- (1) "Science and Immortality." By William Ostler Constable. (1904). 1s. net.
- (2) "Faith and Immortality." By E. Griffith Jones. Duckworth. 5s. net.
- (3) "The Christian Hope." By Archdeacon Allen. John Murray. 4s. net.
- (4) "Before the Morning Watch." By F. A. Iremonger. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

- (5) "Patriotism and Fellowship." By P. Dearmer. Smith Elder. 2s. net.
- (6) "Faith and Fear." By D. Hankey ("A Student in Arms") and others. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
- (7) "The Idea of God." By A. Seth Pringle Pattison. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.
- (8) "Mens Creatrix." By William Temple. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
- (9) "Human Ideals." By Frederick Spencer. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
- (10) "The Coming of the World Teacher." By M. E. Roake. George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
- (11) "Some Views Respecting a Future Life." By S. Waddington. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.

[REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.]

**T**HIRTEEN years ago Dr. Ostler, in his Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard on "Science and Immortality" (1), divided men and women into three groups. There were the lukewarm Laodiceans, who passed through life with little more than a casual thought of whence or whither; the Gallionians, who put future life aside as a matter about which we know nothing and have no scientific knowledge; and the Teresians, a little flock of strong souls, who in every age have kept alight the beacon of Everlasting Life. Without controversy the division holds to-day, but are the Laodiceans still in the majority? Are the Gallionians wholly uninfluenced to-day by a thought of the hereafter? Is there any appreciable increase in the number of those who live in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life? He would be bold, if not an unobservant man, who would answer any of these questions without many searchings of heart.

The happenings of the past three years have affected the situation as they have affected every interest in human life. In every place is there lamentation, women weeping for their dead, and will not be comforted because they are not. So also the debacle of materialistic ideals of civilisation has made the scientists less certain that man is indeed "the heir of the ages, with head erect and brow serene, confident in himself, confident in the future, as he pursues the gradual paths of an aspiring change". The military exponents of a dogmatic materialism are still battering at the world, as though materialistic efficiency and the will to earthly power were axioms beyond dispute. But men with the true scientific spirit, even in Germany, are not unlikely to be dissatisfied by their conspiracy to remould the world nearer to their hearts' desire. This attitude of intellectual humility, which undoubtedly has been increasing of late years in circles not dominated by German thought, affects the whole of the spheres of religion. Dogmatic agnosticism was not far removed from atheism; reverent agnosticism may be the penitential garb, alike of those like George John Romanes, "treading the outer wall of the City of God", and those who bear the vessels of the sanctuary. It can be no dishonour to God to feel that the Fact is greater than any explanation of the Fact, or to take the practical consequences of Saint Paul's acknowledgment that now we see in a mirror darkly. There are other signs of the times. The pathetic anxiety to find some physical vehicle of communication between the living and the dead; the curious recrudescence of occultism and spiritism, the not invariably happy hunting ground of scamps and charlatans; the dull uneasiness of those who cannot believe and yet are not confirmed in unbelief—these and other things, making men feel that if in this life only we have hoped we are of all men most pitiable.

The striking list of volumes at the head of this review has a further bearing upon this season of our discontent. The books were not all written with a direct bearing upon immortality, and yet every one bears witness to the existence of some hope. They are not all theological, nor is there uniformity of treatment in those that are. Even the expression of the hope is surprisingly divergent and is sometimes other-

wise than might have been expected. Dr. Griffith Jones, who is Principal of the Yorkshire United Independent College, writing of the passionate prayers that have been made by thousands of devout fathers and mothers, wives and sisters in all lands, and "continued long after many a lad whose fate is unknown has passed into the Unseen", argues that such posthumous prayers may not have been useless and in vain. To venture any dogmatic statement otherwise a man must be "hedged in by doctrinaire presuppositions of the finality of death" (2). Archdeacon Allen, a theologian of some note, emphasises as a preacher the Christian hope "which is independent upon the circumstances of this life, whatever they may be" (3). Mr. Iremonger, who has written quite the best book of Lenten devotion published this year (4), deepening not distracting, and, consequently, has aimed at penitence rather than problems, writes all as one inspired by eternal hope. The same hope is present in Mr. Dearmer's glowing appeal for mingling patriotism and fellowship (5). Here also, considering the past rigidity of English Church life, is a striking sentence: "It is the soul of the Church of England, and of other forms of Christianity—the soul of England that may bring now the flame of inspiration into our national life". And how great is the significance of the appeal to the Church of England made by a quintette of men united in love for their spiritual Mother, by zeal for her mission, by conviction that her work lies before her, and hope for her faithfulness (6)! Many of late have felt the strange fascination of Donald Hankey, with all his lucid sincerity, his fiery condemnations of all that seemed to him hypocritical or wrong, his obvious limitations in thought and outlook, and his great love, which made him lay down his life with a will. Possibly the vision of the hereafter may have seemed to the "Student in Arms" dim enough, but he ached to know more and to do more, and through it he being dead yet speaketh.

The list of books under review contains more than one serious contribution to the study of philosophy. These may demand a further review. But both Pringle Pattison's Gifford Lectures (7), although not discussing the specific problem of human immortality, and Mr. Temple's essay so affectingly dedicated (8), "Patri carissimo mortuo praesenti", are yet in their different spheres and measures witnesses of the vitality of the sure and certain hope. From this point on the divergence of outlook may be emphasised. Mr. Spencer (9)—it is worth noting that this book was thought out and partly written before the war—believes that "the abolition of death will rise out of the collective evolution of humanity in spiritual life". Dr. Rocke has contented himself with collecting extracts from various theosophists (10), but he has a chapter upon those killed in the Great War who have passed into the "long ranks of the unborn . . . who shall see and know the Christ come back to earth". No word of criticism is necessary. All that is aimed at is to show how the heavenly music passes along the whole gamut of human hopes and fears, far beyond the bounds of orthodoxy or even Christianity. Similarly, the hum-note of immortality sounds throughout Mr. Waddington's fascinating dissertation (11). He claims, like Bacon, that he has merely rung the bell to bring other workers together into the field. Varied indeed is their witness to the truth. Speaking for himself, Mr. Waddington professes to have seen only the vision of a great doubt, and yet—is an apology due to him for the suggestion?—in the main he is not far from the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than right with those who deny altogether the life after death.

"The evidences of a future life, sir, are sufficient", was Boswell's remark to Johnson. "I could wish for more, sir", was Johnson's reply. The second speaker was a convinced, devout and—strange as it may sound—a humble-minded Christian. He recognised that the conditions of faith demanded less than absolute proof of the Unseen, but he made the venture despite his

not unhuman longings for more light. What was it Paracelsus said?

"If I stoop

Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud

It is but for a time. I press God's Lamp

Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,

Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day.

You understand me? I have said enough?"

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Democracy and Education." By John Dewey. The Macmillan Company. (Price not stated.)

This book, written by an eminent American authority, merits, and can hardly fail to win, the attention of those who are interested in the educational future of the British Empire. What is thought about the philosophy of education "on the other side" is at least worth considering on this. Consideration need not involve acceptance. Professor Dewey rather adumbrates things as they might be in his own country than sketches things as they are; and, even if the United States are ripe for development on the lines he indicates, it does not follow that we are. There are democracies and democracies. Yet all men can approve, in the abstract, a training which produces "the habits of mind that secure social changes without introducing disorder", and can agree with Professor Dewey that education should not exclusively connote either "the due harmony of development according to nature, or social efficiency, or culture, that is, personal mental enrichment", but should embrace all three. How such an education may be assured, not to a privileged few, but to everyone, is a theme well suited for discussion among those who see Utopia in the nearer distance. We, for our part, trust that educationists, wherever found, will never lose sight of a stipulation at least as old as Rousseau, that none need look for mental and moral development who do not first preoccupy themselves with the physical well-being of the young.

"Pictures of the English Liturgy." Drawn by Martin Travers. Society of St. Peter and Paul. 6s.

The famous "Ornaments Rubric" at the beginning of the Prayer Book orders that the "ornaments" of church and minister which existed in the second year of Edward VI. (1548-9) shall be retained and be in use. Nothing can seem plainer, and the only good legal argument against the revival of the albe, chasuble, stole and maniple in celebrating the Eucharist is that the rubric was disobeyed from the first, and that the most the Elizabethan bishops could do in the midst of puritan anarchy was to enforce the surplice and, in cathedral and collegiate churches, the cope. Granted, however, the observance of the Prayer Book rule, a controversy was bound to arise as to whether vestures, altar, and so forth were to follow the actual historic developments of the Western Church or to hark back to the old English use. Latinisers said the one, medievalisers the other. The latter appeal to dignity, beauty and national tradition; the former to the living ways of the living Church. In popularising the practicalist, as opposed to what they would call the British Museum tendency, the Society of St. Peter and Paul is playing a bold part. We take no side, but pay a tribute to beautiful type, racy letterpress and bold illustrations. The last fit in with the discovery of Belgium. But the older Gothicist High Churchmen would have been not a little scandalised.

"The Vision and Mission of Womanhood." By Laura Helen Sawbridge. Wells, Gardner. 5s.

This is a woman's appeal to women to assist in the spiritual side of Empire building at the end of the war. The vision is a fine one, and it has practical utility. This fact, which is stated unreservedly, makes it all the more regrettable that Miss Sawbridge's statements should be so often inaccurate or misleading. For instance, speaking of one system of primary education in Australia, it is not true to say "that Name which is above every name has been erased from the very lesson books where it occurred in prose or poem". By a piece of stupid vandalism a verse in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was omitted from an early edition of a certain school reader because its inclusion was thought to be contrary to the letter of a secular education act. The verse has been replaced for very many years, and if Miss Sawbridge would read the Australian school readers and school papers for herself she would see how unfair she has been. Again, why can she not realise that any spiritual work which should be done in the Dominions must rest upon the spirit of brotherhood, not upon gratitude? Nothing angers the Anzacs more than to be praised for shedding their blood for England's sake. They cannot see why they should be lauded for fighting side by side with the English any more than a Scotsman is praised for doing the same thing. Are not the British bound to stand by one another? This is the Australian point of view, and if the English would recognise it they would understand the "Colonials" a lot better and irritate them a great deal less.





The Maternity Hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne.

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		Syndicates ...	250,877
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	<u>£20,909,437</u>		<u>£26,909,437</u>

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Year ended 31st December, 1916.

Dr.	£	Cr.	£
Current Expenses and Taxes ...	297,976	Balance from 1915 ...	14,088
Depreciation of and Reserve against Securities, Syndicates and Permanent Investments ...	33,000	Discounts ...	254,907
Provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts (less return of amounts previously written off), and writing off Premises, Furniture, &c. ...	29,815	Interest ...	160,473
Net Profit available ...	<u>323,231</u>	Commissions ...	193,294
	<u>£684,222</u>	Coupons and Foreign Monies ...	31,254
			<u>£684,022</u>

After deduction of Expenses and Taxes, provision for depreciation of and reserves against Securities, Syndicates and Permanent Investments, and writing down Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bank Premises, &c., and after transferring £8,000 to Pension Fund, the NET PROFIT for the year ended 31st December, 1916, inclusive of £14,088 brought forward and after deduction of £37,643 for Statutory participation of Directors and Managers, amounts to £277,589, out of which payment of a Dividend of 8 per cent. (against 6 per cent. for 1915) has been sanctioned, and £15,188 carried to new account.

AT THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS HELD AT BASLE ON THE 20TH MARCH, 1917, IT WAS RESOLVED THAT IN FUTURE THE STYLE OF THE BANK IN THE THREE SWISS NATIONAL LANGUAGES SHOULD BE: SOCIÉTÉ DE BANQUE SUISSE, SCHWEIZERISCHER BANKVEREIN, SOCIETÀ DI BANCA SVIZZERA, AND IN ENGLISH

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## LEGAL AND GENERAL.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Legal and General Life Assurance Society was held on Tuesday last. Mr. Romer Williams, D.L., J.P., the chairman of the company, presiding, stated:—That during the past year 2,400 policies for £1,798,109 had been issued, of which £33,134 had been re-assured. The gross new premiums were £96,741, or, less re-assurances, £64,825 net. The total net premium income amounted to £1,051,312, being an increase of £11,650. The total net life claims amounted to £611,675, including £186,599 from deaths due to the war, caused by 413 deaths and 64 policies matured, and included the sum of £54,103 paid as bonus additions. The claims on the general fund, being sinking fund policies matured, amounted to £4,756. The total funds increased during the year by £651,373, and amounted to £11,578,684. Omitting the investments in reversions, the funds yielded an average rate of 4½ per cent. interest. The assets included £5,396,774 invested on mortgage of real and personal property, which had been recently investigated by the directors, and the result of such investigation was satisfactory. Existing assurances, including bonus, had increased to £33,807,508. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Charles P. Johnson, J.P.) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

An Extraordinary General Meeting was held subsequently. Again presiding, the Chairman said:—With regard to the new business, 19,233 policies insuring £11,696,350 were effected in the five years 1912-1916, against 18,598 for £15,247,799 in the previous five years. This result is, I think, quite satisfactory if you consider that the great majority of men of the average insuring age were swept into the Army, and that, in addition, the society had lost the greater part of its outdoor or canvassing staff. You will notice, moreover, that the number of policies in the period was larger than ever before, and you will draw the conclusion, and rightly, that the average sum assured has fallen, and that the business of the society was more widely distributed. This, I think, is a matter for congratulation, for it shows that the basis of the business is becoming larger, and therefore sounder than ever. The net retention in the five years under review was £10,928,967, as against £11,997,403 in the previous five years, or a decrease only of £1,068,436 in sums assured. If we include the business in the general fund, the decrease becomes £923,440.

The mortality experience of the society has been, as was to be expected, seriously affected by the war. The total amount of claims due to 445 deaths from this cause was £456,548, but, on the whole, the mortality has not been so very unfavourable. Under the tables employed by the society the expected total claims in the five years were £1,451,127, due to 1,541 deaths. The total claims, excluding interim bonuses but including the above war claims, amounted to £2,231,386, due to 1,460 deaths. The number of deaths was, therefore, 94·7 per cent. of the expectation, and the sums assured 90·9 per cent. The average claim was £1,528 as against £2,054 in the previous quinquennium, and on the whole quinquennium the sum of £88,487 was derived from profit in mortality. I think, having regard to the losses due to this disastrous war, the society may congratulate itself upon the results of the quinquennium as a whole. The expense ratio continues to decline. For 1916 it was only 9·7 per cent. of the premium income, and for the whole quinquennium it was 11·1 per cent. of the premium income as compared with 12·7 per cent. in the preceding period. The life funds have increased from £7,773,193 on 1 January 1912 to £10,983,090 on 31 December 1916, or by £3,209,897. The rate of interest earned on the funds during the last five years has been, before deducting tax, 4½ per cent., as against 4 per cent. in the previous period.

We now come, gentlemen, to what has been the most important of our problems—the assets and their value. The fall in the value of convertible securities, which began in the last quinquennium, has proceeded with increased momentum in the present bonus period, and has caused much anxious consideration. Under the circumstances the directors considered it necessary to undertake a complete re-valuation of the whole of the society's assets. The investments representing the assets have been divided into classes and then have been separately considered. With regard to the whole of these assets, the directors submitted a complete list of them to their brokers, and requested them to certify what, in their opinion, was the value of each security on 31 December 1916. The directors adopted the values so fixed, and you will, as usual, find a full list of our Stock Exchange securities in the report, together with the price at which each one is taken. The society have since disposed of some securities at a considerable advance on the 31 December prices, and have invested the proceeds in the new War Loan, of which the society has taken up more than £1,500,000.

With regard to the valuation, this has been made on the same basis and at the same rate of interest—namely, 3½ per cent.—as on the last four valuations. As before, only a proportion of the office premium has been valued. This method seems to us better than a net premium valuation, as it provides a definite margin of loading for future expenses and profits for each policy. The surplus shown by this valuation is £1,028,998, and in these times it was, of course, a matter of earnest consideration by the Board whether the usual distribution should be made. After careful consideration they came to the conclusion that there were no valid reasons for passing or even reducing the bonus. It is generally admitted that the premiums charged for life assurance prove to be larger than are actually required to cover the risk, but, as the first object of assurance is safety, this margin is necessary from the nature of the problem. Three uncertainties enter in the calculation of the premium for a risk that may extend over fifty years or more. They are mortality, rate of interest, and the cost of carrying on the business; and safety, as I have said, being the first consideration, all the calculations which provide for these factors have to be based on an extremely conservative and cautious basis. I am satisfied, gentlemen, and I hope I have satisfied you, that the surplus can be, with proper prudence, dealt with in the manner proposed, and that the declaration for the fifth consecutive quinquennial period of our now customary 38s. per cent. compound bonus is amply justified. If I have succeeded in making the position of the society clear to you, gentlemen, you will, I think, agree with me that the results of the bonus report are very satisfactory and should still further increase the reputation of the society for stability and high bonuses.

The Right Hon. Sir Arthur Channell seconded the motion.

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